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—Richard Nixon

Albuquerque, Oct. 31, 1970

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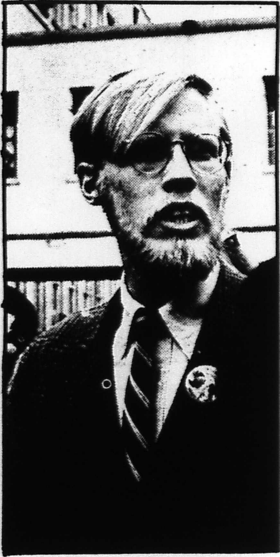
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QUALIFIED VICTORY IN HALLENGREN TRIAL

by Anita West

Eric Hallengren, busted last spring at the Flower Mart, was finally brought to trial at the Baltimore City Criminal Court on Monday, November 2, on charges of inciting to riot, assault, and disorderly conduct. One of the four original charges, riot, was dropped due to lack of evidence, not to mention considerable evidence that the riot was incited and perpetrated by the police. The credibility of two of the remaining charges, inciting to riot and assault, was somewhat impaired by testimony to the effect that they were added to the original charge of disorderly conduct only after Eric was identified at the police station as a known radical. A witness for the defense who was arrested with Eric at the Mart quoted the arresting officer as saying "Hey, this is Eric Hallengren the radical—let's really stick him."



The trial was revelatory. The defense, headed by Hal Buchman and Luther West produced eye witness testimony bearing upon both the nature of the riot itself and Eric's harassment and arrest. Truck driver's wife, Mrs. Huff, testified that when she observed a group of people being tear gassed, she and her three children sat down on a bench away from the disturbance to catch a bus. They were approached by five policemen and forcibly pushed toward the gassing. Upon no provocation whatever, her seventeen-year-old son was brutally clubbed. A younger daughter, hysterical, escaped in the confusion and was given sanctuary by an independent grocer upon whose locked door she beat. Lawyer J. Allen Cohen testified that he was injured while walking on a sidewalk when a mounted policeman rode up onto the sidewalk after him so violently that the horse struck him with its hoof. Assistant State's Attorney Anton Keating testified that the disturbance was concomitant to "police rioting... that was totally without justification or excuse." He testified that "the police literally attacked the crowd." The principal of Patterson Park High School testified that he saw Eric making a phone call at 3:15 pm at the school, where he was employed as a teacher, and thus could not possibly have been carrying out his alleged activities at 1:00 pm as the police claimed. This testimony was confirmed by Eric's students and a fellow teacher. The fact is that Eric did not reach the Flower Mart until 3:30 pm, at which time the police riot was already incited and well under way. Eric confesses to referring to the police as "motherfuckers" but denies that he assaulted the police with lemon peel and a snowball as charged.

Eric's arrest was described as follows: At 4:00 pm Hallengren was approached on a sidewalk in Washington Square by a mounted policeman who said "Ok, you motherfucker, call me a name now." When Eric refused to be baited in this way and kept walking, he was followed and the taunting continued: "Let's see you do something now, motherfucker." Chased by five mounted police, Eric broke into a run north on Charles Street. Two Sergeants



apprehended him and forced him against a wall, and were quoted as saying "Ok, we got him—Who wants him" and "This is the one—don't treat him nice." As they forced him to the car they thrust their night sticks between his legs, into his genitals, so forcibly that as he "walked" his feet barely touched the ground.

Ironically enough, much of the evidence and testimony produced by the prosecution was effectively adopted by the defense in the discrediting of the police's claim that Eric incited and perpetrated the rioting. At the insistence of the police department, movies of the festivities were shown in court which not only failed to feature Eric altogether, but for the most part depicted only passive gaiety and tranquility. The contention of the defense that the riot was instigated by the police was further buttressed by the description of the plans made for the Flower Mart by the eight policemen (including Major Schnabel) in charge of riot control: three hundred and fifty

riot control police were put on reserve, and mounted police throughout the city were instructed to remain on alert. At the festival the police arrived prepared and in anticipation of battle—they left their watches at home so they wouldn't be broken. Around 1:00 pm, upon the eruption of several racial outbreaks, the 350 riot control reserves were summoned and the area was cleared by a technique employing a formation called a "flying wedge"—a V-shaped double line of police both mounted and on foot charged into the crowd, attacking on both sides with night sticks. Seventeen witnesses for the defense testified that the attack and the ensuing gassing and clubbing were unprovoked and that the "riot" was actually a police riot.

Eric Hallengren was acquitted of inciting to riot and assault, and convicted of disorderly conduct and obscene language. At the time of this writing he is pending sentence, and the defense is preparing an appeal of the conviction.

Americans constantly tell their children to "be good"—yet in other societies children are reminded to "be wise" or in others to "be happy". The admonition—be good—represents the typical American attitude toward children. Children are not viewed by our society as people, but merely as sub or future people. How many times a day do we refer to a child in the third person even though he is present and often capable of joining in the conversation. Children are objects. Their positive values are the pleasure and entertainment that we derive from them. Their negative aspects consist of the fact that they try to assert themselves as people. That they refuse to constantly bend to your will.

We pacify our children with toys and deny them life experiences. We try to control them instead of communicate with them. We fill our homes with things they cannot touch. We transfer our oppression onto them by displacement of our hostilities and frustrations which arise from our status as women in this society. The more we dehumanize children as objects we possess, the more we dehumanize ourselves as guilty controllers of children.

People outside of the home are totally unwilling to deal with children. Mothers who have tried taking their children places with them experience again and again the hostility of people against children in public places. Why? Where in this society can a child be free? Nowhere. Children must not touch. Children must not run. Children must not shout. Children must be

polite. Children must respect their elders. Children must obey! (Fascism begins at home.)

Society cannot deal with the free person. Children are of value only after they have been conditioned into society through the ruler-ruled relationship of parent-child. The society needs to place a woman as the sole caretaker of her

relating to this one person. If people were to share the responsibility of raising children, we would not only free women and children, we would as a by-product make the emergence of a totalitarian society much less likely. For the ability of a society to deny freedom is directly related to the willingness of the people to obey unquestioningly.



UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHER

child. It is only through the continued confrontation of two wills, with no release for either party to bring awareness and experiences into the relationship, that the dehumanizing process of control takes over. People do not relate to children as objects naturally, but only resort to this in their need for freedom from constantly

The answer to dealing with children is not a question of control or permissiveness, it is a question of humanity.

When the child was born—I wanted more than anything else for him to be free—to be a person in his own right

having a self & self-awareness.

I now feel my influences and how strongly they affect him. I think if only I had been stronger, more together—oh God—I've fucked him up already! But the child is only two years in this world!

This is a child of the cosmos and the universe. He is not mine! He is a brother, entrusted to my care—the same as any other human being—there seems to be a special responsibility, though, because children are so utterly dependent upon our humanness to them—but he is not mine. He is not my property, not an object of my possession.

I find that I can do this brotherhood-sisterhood thing so much easier with friends and strangers. Why should it be so much more difficult with him? Why do I feel such a "special stake" in him?

Once talking to a friend about love, we got into parental love. Summary of it was that I felt a responsibility to him. Almost like my love for him is divided into two distinct categories that should be integrated into one. The responsibility I felt towards him is not the ideal feeling of responsibility towards brothers & sisters, towards those we love—a natural feeling; but a guilty compulsion society put on me.

I know that what I have to learn to do is to relate to this child in a human way (so hard when I feel alienated from my own Humanity)—see him truly as a person in his own right and make him aware of his self—put no roles upon him; let him see that he is above all a human being.

(from OFF OUR BACKS/LNS)



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HARRY is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), Liberation News Service (LNS), College Press Service (CPS), Free Ranger Intertribal News Service (FRINS), and Charles Village Improvement Association (CIA).

HARRY welcomes-in fact loves,-outside contributions. Please keep a copy, however, of any submitted material, because we're careless and irresponsible. Therefore, if you don't hear from us or see your work in print, it doesn't mean we didn't dig your work. Call us up and hassle us if you think you've been ignored.

We have decided not to accept poetry until our poetry editor-David Eberhardt-gets out of Lewishurg, where he is serving three years for destruction of draft records.

Additional staff/family is needed both in Baltimore and in our new Washington bureau/nest.

I DON'T NEED A WEATHERMAN TO TELL WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

by I.M. Terhune

IRVINE, Cal. [CPS] — A Grand Jury decision exonerated the Ohio National Guard from the guilt of the murders of four students at Kent State in the face of evidence to the contrary, indicting instead twenty-five people who incited to throw rocks at the men charging upon them with M-16's; the invocation of the Emergency War Measures Act by Trudeau in Canada has suspended civil liberties of the Canadian people, making them subject to unlimited search and seizure, without the right to resort to suit against the government in the event of false arrest; as a result, several hundred separatists and sympathizers were arrested without warrants; Angela Davis was apprehended after having already been tried and convicted of murder and conspiracy by the press on circumstantial evidence, well in advance of her courtroom trial. The last two weeks have been a paranoid nightmare, with these frightening high points being just a few more persuasive proofs that the conflict between Them and Us is becoming as clearcut as the slash from the National Guardsman's bayonet. It is more intense, it is more down home real, it is more violent than ever before. And it is not standing still.

Concurrent with the execution of the foregoing realities, the Weathermen issued a statement of intention to bomb, in "a fall offensive of youth resistance that will spread from Santa Barbara to Boston, back to Kent and Kansas... We are building a culture and society that can resist genocide. It is a culture of total resistance to mind-controlling manias, a culture of high-energy sisters getting it on, of hippie acid-smiles and communes and freedom to be the farthest out people we can be". It is directed against the "Promises of peace from a government that bombs Cambodia while talking about an end to war, that killed students at Jackson and Kent while calling for responsibility on campus, that murdered Fred Hampton and hundreds of blacks while calling for racial harmony."

The difficulties inherent in any analysis of the recent activities of the Weathermen become obvious upon examination of their motives and upon recognition of the undeniable validity of such motivation. It is after ten years of attempts at peaceful demonstrations, non-violent attempts—marches, sit-ins, strikes, from which participants have, almost from the outset, been dragged, beaten, gassed, and worst of all, ignored by the agencies of the government; it is after this that dissenters have come to expect violence, to be defensive of it, and finally to return it, in a state of such hopeless frustration with "channels" and vapid promises of bureaucrats that they see no other recourse but violence.

We saw, in our early years of political impressionability, John F. Kennedy murdered, and heard people rejoice. We saw Martin Luther King murdered, and heard people rejoice. And for those who still believed, Robert Kennedy's career was ended in the same fashion. Soon after, we witnessed the NBC-live-and-in-color telecast of the War in the Streets of Chicago, with a cast of thousands who were trying the American Way for the last time. Now we were being beaten and gassed ourselves. We saw political trials conducted in the newspapers rather than in courts, and a jury of one's peers that existed only in the written documents of the constitution. The war in Vietnam goes on. The poverty goes on. Yet we are expected to believe when Nixon says peace is around the corner, when he says, after ten or so years of equivocation that culminate in street-fighting and bombs, that he will listen to us. "What do they think they will accomplish by violence?" Perhaps that which hasn't been possible to accomplish in any other way. The history of this country tells of very few instances of revolutionary change

accomplished by non-violent means—Joe Hill was not the only casualty of the struggle for labor unions. And it is revolutionary change that is called for because there is no time for half-assed liberal reforms to collect for another century. We no longer have the luxury of time.

It is clearly not the factors that motivate the Weathermen *et al* that can be justly critiqued—not when they inhabit a political corner created by a government insensitive to the needs of its constituents. "We did not choose to live in a time of war," likely the most shattering war this country has ever engaged in. What is questionable about the Weathermen at this point in the disintegration of the U.S. is the political value of their tactics.

It is useful for analysis to isolate the tactic of bombing as the Weathermen have dedicated themselves to it. From all appearances, especially to the public at large, the Weatherman bombings, partly because of their frequency, have taken on the aspect of "random acts of violence." While bombings by a small terrorist group in a revolutionary situation may be fruitful, such actions are productive only when they are strategically correct and strategically significant, and not merely symbolic scare techniques perpetrated against the amorphous enemy. If a bombing is to have any effect, it must be aimed at an institution that can be recognized as repressive by more than a few people. Also, to be truly educative to a great mass of people, bombings cannot be unpredictable in effect. Unfortunately, they are highly unpredictable. People are unintentionally killed by them. While the destruction of property outrages those who are well socialized into the American Way, the destruction of life makes them self-righteous—hence it is extremely counterproductive.

Another danger of the excessive use of bombings as a political tactic is the obvious drawback of other people grabbing a piece of the action. Any bombing that takes place now—indeed, any explosion at all—is immediately

blamed on radicals, whether it is, in fact an act of a radical group or not. It becomes possible for right-wing groups, the government, or the apolitical psychopath on the street to commit any number of outrages in the name of all the radicals in this country, and the radicals are unable to do anything about it. A good example of this occurred in Orange County, on the Irvine campus. A University car was burned. Around the same time that evening, a person was found in Crawford Hall with a revolver and ammunition, apparently set on shooting Tom Hayden, who happened to be speaking there. Several days later, the Stanford Research Institute greenhouses (greenhouses??) were destroyed somehow—the cause is disputed. Few radicals or even liberals would want to assassinate Tom Hayden. Something like this tends to make one suspicious of the source of the other violent displays, coming as they did from this pocket of conservatism that has seen Minutemen doing maneuvers in the hills of the Irvine Ranch.

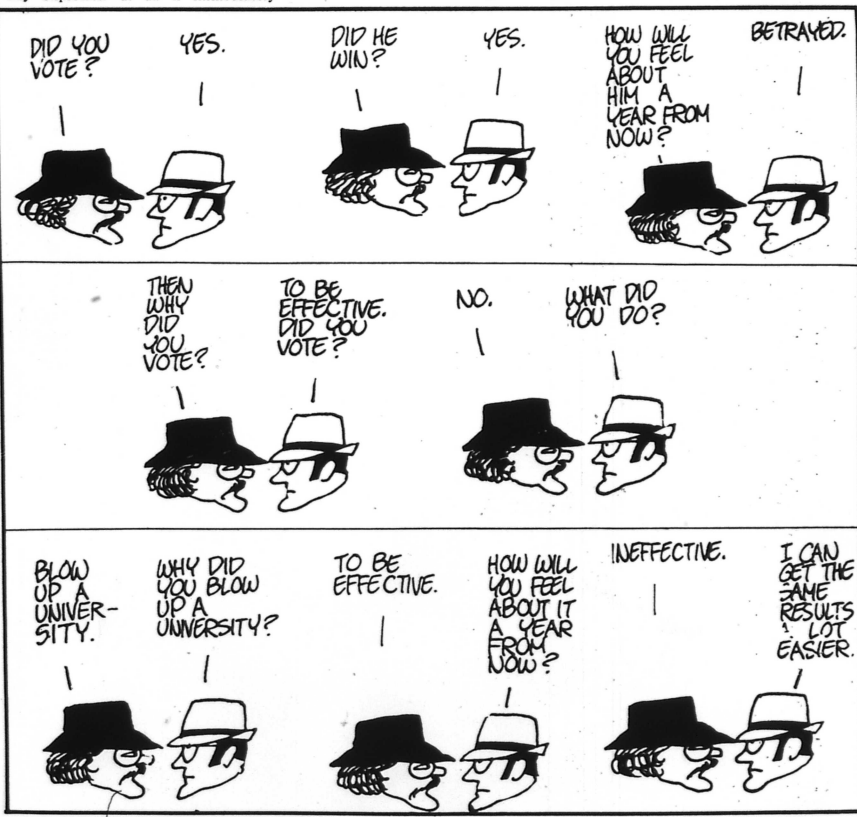
The leader of the Brazilian guerilla organization Vanguardia Popular Revolucionaria, Ladislav Dobor, explained why his group did not use bombs: "We do not use forms of violence that can be twisted by the government. If people heard that we use bombs, the government would put a few bombs in a moviehouse on a Saturday afternoon, when it was full of children. And then we would have the entire population running after us in the streets. We choose very selective targets whose meaning cannot be distorted by the government." Random bombings which kill or threaten innocent people create in this country a mood of fear and the reactionary repression that is contingent upon such fear. Right-wing groups can easily augment the repressive climate by staging enough of the right sort of bombings in the name of the Weathermen or radicals in general. Instances of this have certainly occurred already. Hundreds of bomb threats were called into schools in Marin County following the bombings of the

courthouse. It is inconceivable that they were all Weatherman-inspired. When acts of sabotage and provocation are irresponsibly chosen and effected, the movement cannot help but suffer.

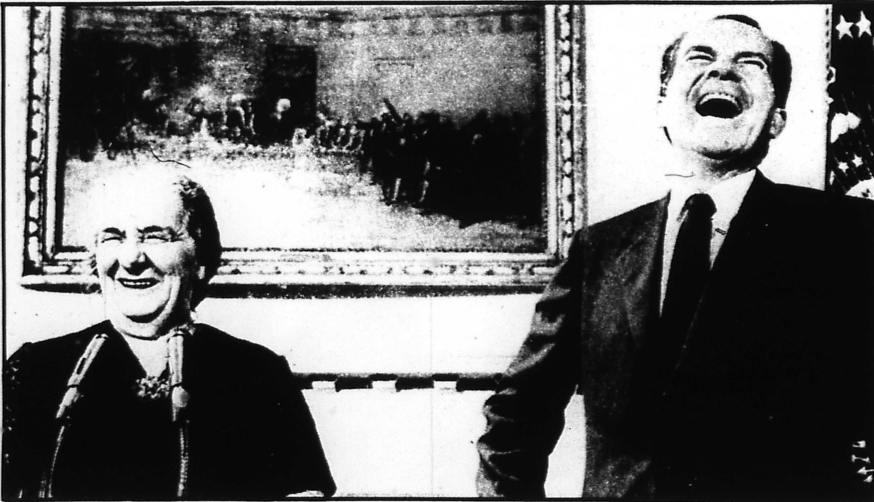
Of still greater exigency is the tendency of some radicals to separate politics from personal ethics. This is dangerous in a revolution for the people—it cannot be engaged in if a truly human and productive political, cultural and social situation is to emerge. While maintaining commitment to change—to revolution—it is imperative that the importance of personal liberation, of the ability to see the world in other than political hues, is not lost sight of. If those who are grappling to save the people do not have a clear sense of themselves as human beings, then the revolution is worthless—and while the leaders may be capable and politically astute, they will not be human, and in the end may be as mechanistic as the predecessors. The revolution must not be a revolution of death, ending in a totalitarian police state. Only the revolution of life can liberate.



Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love. —Che Guevara



"That Old System Is Dying ... And We Joyously Come Out In The Street To Dance On Its Grave"



by Carroll Schroeder

America. America. America is a cello without strings. America is a cello without strings propelled to a junkyard by a tone-deaf idiot. And the great tragedy is that those people who are the closest to saving humanity through the creation of a new America have forgotten how to laugh.

We can't laugh at Spiro Agnew, at Kate Smith, at elections. But worse, we can't laugh at ourselves.

Jackson State, Kent State, Chicago, Altamont, Fred Hampton, and Mark Clark helped. You can't laugh at those images and nobody wants to. But we are a revolutionary movement committed-in word if not in act-to building a new culture above the ruins of the old. We are neither messianic, nor absolute, but in a sense we are a personification of hope. Yet grim, cynical, puritanical hope bathed in the blood of a war to end war is perhaps worse than no hope at all.

Why? Why are we all so stoney-faced and sullen, babbling impotent obscenities, their barbs dulled by over-use? Why can we now only rattle off obscure epithets-capitalist running-dog lackey of imperialist oppressor pigs-while we lose the real issues under tons of bullshit. Why can't we laugh?

We must ask this. It is crucial. We must take time to stop or at least momentarily slow down to look at where we have been, contrast that to where we are presently, and project that into the future. For the future is the temporal offspring of the present. "The is the was of what shall be" (Lao-tse) as it were. What we do today has ramifications beyond the immediate. And although today is of primary importance, tomorrow must also be lived.

So now I must speculate as to the cause of the relative absence of guffaws and chuckles in "the movement." At first I thought that "the movement" (loosely defined as that amorphous sometimes-coagulate of individuals in America who are culturally and politically trying to fabricate "something on the order of an alternative" whether actively, passively, or unconsciously) had lost its sense of humor. Michael, Lenny, and I talked about it, (pause here) REVELATION Friends. "The movement" never had a sense of humor. That of course is not a blanket statement. Perhaps Abbie Hoffman is the most obvious exception. He if anyone has tried to infect the morose juxtaposition of "movement"/America with humor. The great Pentagon levitation, soaking the stock exchange with dollar bills, oxydizing cash. YIPPIE! Pigasus for President, and finally his incredible performance before his bastard father at the Conspiracy Trial, all of these

incredulous non-events screamed one thing if nothing else. That "they" have devised and now protect a system of insanely rationalized illogic and double-talk that cannot be overcome if it is treated as if it were something other than utterly absurd. Our system-diagnosed "insanity" and our ability to laugh as we discredit that system while bringing it to a screaming halt, are the elements that will eventually insure our success. It was also Hoffman/Rubin who first verbalized the fusing of ends and means. They rejected the idea of revolution now in order to attain utopia later, the idea that you've got to put up with heavy political bullshit serious stuff now so you can get to the good shit later. No, the revolution is your life, live the utopia synthesize ends and means. But even Hoffman has soured. His influence with the YIPPIES! has withered from his handicap of age, the depth of his emotions were dredged by the trial, he has become frustrated, worn, not as bitter as Rubin, yet his ability to laugh is waning. Still, Hoffman has been something of an enigma, a funny interlude. "Yeah, that Hoffman's a crazy smart-ass"-move on to next

subject. For from the point of view of active, mass-action, change-inducing endeavors, "the movement" has been buried in solemnity.

Why? Why. The problem may well lie in "The Great Schism." Yes friends, "The Big Gap" between "cultural revolutionaries" and "Political revolutionaries." I hate those terms. But it seems that the humor does indeed lie with those who have rejected an activist political role and instead have withdrawn, hoping to avoid the insanity that is America. They bathe in the absurdity of it all, lie back, point fingers, and laugh, and laugh, and laugh... Politics on the other hand, with all the reformist energy of a Jesuit zealot, have run from laughter. Politics is a serious thing. Wrong. Politics is a joke. A bad joke. But inadvertently. Weatherman, the Mobe, SDS labor committee, YAWF, Women's Liberation, all political offsprings of "the movement" have assumed the same dead-serious posture as "the old order." Certainly we are usurpers. We are attacking the sacred cow. Our identity is shaky, our condemnations absolute. Laughter might shake our meager foundation.

Because for many laughter means scorn, it implies weakness. After all, if you are going to be "the baddest mutha around," then you can't prance about laughing at your own mistakes and inadequacies. And you sure as hell can't let anybody else. For "the movement" is operating from a base of political weakness. It is young, plagued by a nebulous constituency, fluctuating, and sometimes revolutionary in goal if not in means. But it also deals in absolutes: we are right, Amerika is wrong; liberation is good, imperialism is bad; all cops are pigs at all times. In such situations laughter becomes heretical, for we become defensive of those universal "truths." When you are basically small but could be large, when you are basically absolutist, when you are basically dealing with the overthrow of a lumbering, stupid, complex leviathan which increases in paranoia as it decreases in strength, and when you assume the currently accepted political demeanor, then you will probably begin to stop laughing. We never started.

But we could. We could begin laughing. We could adopt a real "politics of joy" (Hubie Humphrey not withstanding). It is not as if "the movement" has no laughable points, but mention these absurdities to those who created and perpetuate them, and you may well be called a repressive counter-revolutionary pig or something. They are very serious. An although many of us may practice some sort of cultural alternative in our day to day living, although we may laugh at home, we seldom carry that alternative, that laughter into our politics. We are also very serious. Our means have been separated from our end.

Yet our hope is just our ability to laugh. Our strength lies in our willingness to remain open in the face of oppression. "The movement" needs to synthesize its divergent halves: those who laugh at our absurd predicament but do nothing on the one hand, and those who solemnly go about their labors of change on the other. We must adopt a flexibility of ideology which avoids wholesale condemnations and blanket endorsements. We should recognize that no one has the answer. Maybe then our wild, fatalistic, suicidal, flailings will become "something on the order of an alternative." Maybe then our masochism will become revolutionary optimism. Maybe. Then.

Remember, it has been Hoffman, the old YIPPIES!, and other Hoffmannesque types, strange concoctions of hippie-activist who have most successfully shot-up "the movement" with new lifeblood.

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MICHAEL GOLDBERG NOVEMBER 12, 1970

Dial - a - Bounty Hunter

BERKELEY [LNS] - "The wire services have interviewed me," he said. "And four TV stations in the Bay area out here in Berkeley. I've been on the Mike Wallace program. The mail has swamped me. And parents have been calling from every part of the country."

For \$28.50 this man will run the picture and description of any kid trying to escape from unfriendly parents in a weekly publication called *The National Missing Youth Locator*. The *Locator* is sent free of charge to the juvenile probation department of every single county in the country, 2,400 city police departments, 50 state police departments, 1,900 private investigators, 41 cities in Mexico and 96 cities in Canada—13,000 copies in all.

Ever since he started the *Locator* three months ago, George Stamper, a California furniture wholesaler and manufacturer, has been tickled to death by the adrenalin his brainchild arouses in every pig who gets his first look at the runaway directory.

"Alfred Nelder, chief of Police of San Francisco, wrote to us they are going to refer parents to us from now on, although most police departments have a policy against such referrals. In Berkeley the police keep two copies of the *Locator* in the squad car that patrols Telegraph Avenue, where the kids hang out."

"I'd appreciate it if you let your police department know they can have as many copies as they want," Stamper tells his visitors. "We'll put them on the mailing list weekly. Yosemite National Park asked us for 12 copies, one for each of their ranger stations!"

But Stamper has made just one mistake. In the effort to garner as much free publicity as possible, he has asked the press to publish his office address and phone numbers at the office and at home. He estimates that there are some one million runaways nationally, but he does not seem to realize that they can get together to defend themselves against profiteers like Stamper.

It is now unclear just how safe his office at 1603 Solano Ave., Berkeley, Ca., will be in the months to come.



Stamper hoped that his telephone numbers would be put in the hands of many parents whose kids are getting less and less happy at home; that the parents would record them for future use.

But kids can also record phone numbers for future use (Stamper's numbers, for example, are [415] 525 5023 at the office, and [415] 526 6967 at home.)

Stamper's phones may just get so busy in the next few months that he will be forced to ignore them completely.

Runaway power to the runaway people.

"People's" ToThe People

by Carroll Schroeder

Their faces are pallid and lumpy, and some are red and pock marked, and all are very flat and plain. And they exist in working man's neat rows stretching a long a thousand grey look-alike streets. They seem to speak for their people, these Highlandtown houses, for the ingrained monotony of the factory laborers. These houses tell of his child, the hard times flecked lightly by the good; they speak speak of fear and withdrawal; they fester with intolerance.

The houses don't disguise their distrust, their apprehension, their anxiousness of people they don't mirror. Wallace took over fifty per-cent of the southeast Baltimore votes and likewise Mohoney always runs well. To live here as a single freak is painful, to have friends is dangerous, to congregate is nearly suicidal.

As many kids began discovering the glories of Patterson Park in the early afternoon, they quickly came upon the glories of D. Pomerleau and Co. in the late afternoon. Hassles. Hassles. Hassles. And the thought occurred that a place of refuge might be in order.

So at the suggestion of a City Department of Recreation Street Worker, local park freaks began to approach people who hung at different places around Highlandtown. To get hold of an unused church and turn it into a People's Place of entertainment of raps, of general things of interest, a place where freaks could congregate and realize that they aren't alone. An oasis in a hostile environment.

People's Place went the route of most voluntary projects: from everybody interested and helping to the burden of responsibility being hoisted on a few who, though willing, would rather share the chores. Still, the loose

and viable program at Sleetland East Avenue improved. Saturday night coffee house entertainment was improved (and unfortunately but necessarily it moved from free to 50 cents), and the week day program was expanded.

A sort of unspoken duality was created with the local White Panthers and everything was cool. Cool until the Power Street commune decided that People's Place was neither democratic enough nor revolutionary enough. The romanticism of their pseudo-violent rap attracted some younger People's Place hangers on. A coup was engineered. Power Street stacked a People's Place meeting and confronted Steve and Charlie and the others on the coordinating committee with a vote of no confidence.

As an aside, I think perhaps that the greatest divergence lies in the inability of Power Street to accept compromise. They think that in having attained some sort of quasi-revolutionary consciousness, they have also become possessors of a vague, absolute revolutionary "truth". Anyone who disagrees is therefore obviously wrong.

Since the goal of People's Place is to provide a point of cultural divergence within the straight community, since they want to coexist with the old culture, since no part of their function includes the burning of straight Highlandtown, then they must be revolutionarily wrong. They must be offed or at least replaced. Or so may have been the logic of Power Street.

Yet they failed. The live and let live, perhaps apolitical climate of Highlandtown freaks foiled the takeover. The final vote was held on another night and the coordinating committee was retained. Perhaps the threat alerted them to the need of an expanded program and so People's Place is soon to be open seven nights a week.

The cheek of new Highlandtown has a birthmark.

Berrigans Dare to Speak

DANBURY, Conn. [LNS] - "Prisoners of peace or hostages of war...we dare to speak for prisoners everywhere...like ourselves, they are voiceless, silenced, oppressed, treated as men who have no human stature or dignity." Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan, imprisoned for six years for the destruction of draft files, have recently filed suit for themselves and for all of the 21,000 federal prisoners who "share with them a common desire for humane treatment within prisons." Their suit states that the Federal Bureau of Prisons violates first amendment rights to speak; write, disseminate ideas and to practice religion.

Finally Fit To Print

NEW YORK [LNS] - The amazing discovery that the American public school system is "intolerable, oppressive and joyless" was front-page news recently in the New York Times.

It took \$300,000 and three and a half years for the Carnegie Corporation commission to figure out what every kid has known since kindergarten - "the most important characteristic the schools share in common is a preoccupation with order and control."

The commission, headed by former college teacher Charles E. Silberman, runs down "the stultifying rules, the lack of privacy, the authoritarianism, the abuse of power," and concludes:

"It is not the children who are disruptive, it is the formal classroom that is disruptive - of childhood itself."

Scott MacKenzie commented on the commission report in FPS, the high school underground new service:

"Did the New York Times run a front page story about what the millions of bored students were saying? Or about the concepts suggested by the people running free schools? Or about what the underground papers were saying? FUCK NO!"

"The schools taught the people who put out the New York Times the same thing that they're trying to teach us - that what kids say and think isn't important - it's only the adults' ideas that are important enough to get attention!"

"As long as public schools produce people who think like that, we need a lot more than just some reforms. We need a REVOLUTION."

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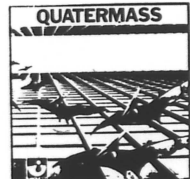
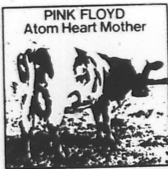
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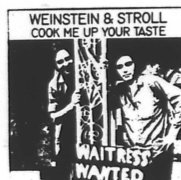
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THOSE FABULOUS FUTURE FREAK BROTHERS



by E. F. Schumacher

(Reprinted from Resurgence)

"Right Livelihood" is one of the requirements of the Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path. It is clear, therefore, that there must be such a thing as Buddhist Economics.

Buddhist countries, at the same time, have often stated that they wish to remain faithful to their heritage. So Burma: "The New Burma sees no conflict between religious values and economic progress. Spiritual health and material well-being are not enemies: they are natural allies." Or: "We can blend successfully the religious and spiritual values of our heritage with the benefits of modern technology." Or: "We Burmese have a sacred duty to conform both our dreams and our acts to our faith. This we shall ever do."

All the same, such countries invariably assume that they can model their economic development plans in accordance with modern economics, and they call upon modern economists from so-called advanced countries to advise them, to formulate the policies to be pursued, and to construct the grand design for development, the Five-Year Plan or whatever it may be called. No one seems to think that a Buddhist way of life would call for Buddhist economics, just as the modern materialist way of life has brought forth modern economics.

Economists themselves, like most specialists, normally suffer from a kind of metaphysical blindness, assuming that theirs is a science of absolute and invariable truths, without any pre-suppositions. Some go as far as to claim that economic laws are as free from "metaphysics" or "values" as the law of gravitation. We need not, however, get involved in arguments of methodology. Instead, let us take some fundamentals and see what they look like when viewed by a modern economist and a Buddhist economist.

There is universal agreement that the fundamental source of wealth is human labor. Now, the modern economist has been brought up to consider "labor" or work as little more than a necessary evil. From the point of view of the employer, it is in any case simply an item of cost, to be reduced to a minimum if it cannot be eliminated altogether, say, by automation. From the point of view of the workman, it is a "disutility": to work is to make a sacrifice of one's leisure and comfort, and wages are a kind of compensation for the sacrifice. Hence the ideal from the point of view of the employer is to have output without employees, and the ideal from the point of view of the employee is to have income without employment.

The consequences of these attitudes both in theory and in practice are, of course, extremely far-reaching. If the ideal with regard to work is to get rid of it, every method that "reduces the work load" is a good thing. The most potent method, short of automation, is the so-called "division of labor" and the classical example is the pin factory

Buddhist Economics

eulogized in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Here it is not a matter of ordinary specialization, which mankind has practised from time immemorial, but of dividing up every complete process of production into minute parts, so that the final product can be produced at great speed without anyone having had to contribute more than a totally insignificant and, in most cases, unskilled movement of his limbs.

WORK

The Buddhist point of view takes the function of work to be at least threefold: to give a man a chance to utilize and develop his faculties; to enable him to overcome his

considered a complete misunderstanding of one of the basic truths of human existence, namely that work and leisure are complementary parts of the same living process and cannot be separated without destroying the joy of work and the bliss of leisure.

From the Buddhist point of view, there are therefore two types of mechanization which must be clearly distinguished: one that enhances a man's skill and power and one that turns the work of man over to a mechanical slave, leaving man in a position of having to serve the slave. How to tell the one from the other? "The craftsman himself," says Ananda Coomaraswamy, a man equally

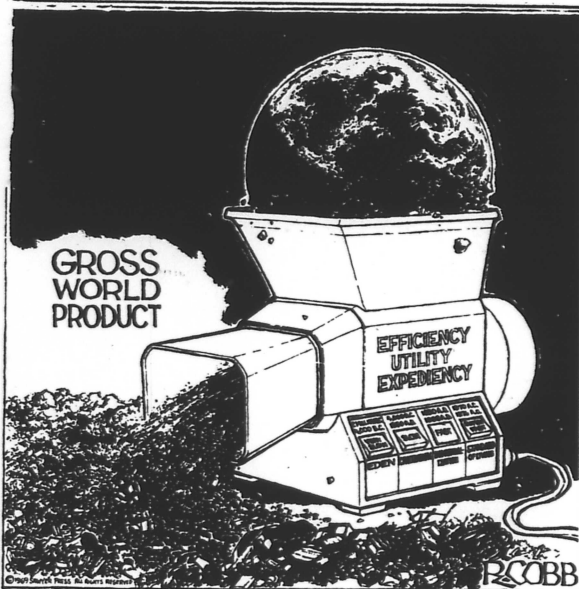
essence of civilization not in a multiplication of wants but in the purification of human character. Character, at the same time, is formed primarily by a man's work. And work, properly conducted in conditions of human dignity and freedom, blesses those who do it and equally their products. The Indian philosopher and economist J. C. Kumarappa sums the matter up as follows:

If the nature of the work is properly appreciated and applied, it will stand in the same relation to the higher faculties as food is to the physical body. It nourishes and enlivens the higher man and urges him to produce the best he is capable of. It directs his freewill along the proper course and disciplines the animal in him into progressive channels. It furnishes and excellent background for man to display his scale of values and develop his personality."

If a man has no chance of obtaining work he is in a desperate position, not simply because he lacks an income but because he lacks this nourishing and enlivening factor of disciplined work which nothing can replace. A modern economist may engage in highly sophisticated calculations on whether full employment "pays" or whether it might be more "economic" to run an economy at less than full employment so as to ensure a greater mobility of labour, a better stability of wages, and so forth. His fundamental criterion of success is simply the total quantity of goods produced during a given period of time. "If the marginal urgency of goods is low," says Professor Galbraith in *The Affluent Society*, "then so is the urgency of employing the last man or the last million men in the labor force." And again: "If...we can afford some unemployment in the interest of stability—a proposition, incidentally, of impeccably conservative antecedents—then we can afford to give those who are unemployed the goods that enable them to sustain their accustomed standard of living."

From a Buddhist point of view, this is standing the truth on its head by considering goods as more important than people and consumption as more important than creative activity. It means shifting the emphasis from the worker to the product of work, that is, from the human to the sub-human, a surrender to the forces of evil. The very start of Buddhist economic planning would be a planning for full employment, and the primary purpose of this would in fact be employment for everyone who needs an "outside" job: it would not be the maximization of employment nor the maximization of production.

While the materialist is mainly interested in goods, the Buddhist is mainly interested in liberation. But Buddhism is "The Middle Way" and therefore in no way antagonistic to physical well-being. It is not wealth that stands in the way of liberation but the attachment to wealth; not the enjoyment of pleasurable things but the craving for them. The keynote of Buddhist economics, therefore, is simplicity and non-violence. From an



ego-centeredness by joining with other people in a common task; and to bring forth the goods and services needed for a becoming existence. Again, the consequences that flow from this view are endless. To organize work in such a manner that it becomes meaningless, boring, stultifying, or nerve-racking for the worker would be little short of criminal; it would indicate a greater concern with goods than with people, an evil lack of compassion and a soul-destroying degree of attachment to the most primitive side of this worldly existence. Equally, to strive for leisure as an alternative to work would be

competent to talk about the Modern West as the Ancient East, "the craftsman himself can always, if allowed to, draw the delicate distinction between the machine and the tool. The carpet loom is a tool, a contrivance for holding warp threads at a stretch for the pile to be woven round them by the craftsmen's fingers; but the power loom is a machine, and its significance as a destroyer of culture lies in the fact that it does the essentially human part of the work." It is clear, therefore, that Buddhist economics must be very different from the economics of modern materialism, since the Buddhist sees the

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economist's point of view, the marvel of the Buddhist way of life is the utter rationality of its pattern—amazingly small means leading to extraordinarily satisfactory results.

STANDARD OF LIVING

For the modern economist this is very difficult to understand. He is used to measuring the "standard of living" by the amount of annual consumption, assuming all the time that a man who consumes more is "better off" than a man who consumes less. A Buddhist economist would consider this approach excessively irrational: since consumption is merely a means to human well-being, the aim should be to obtain the maximum of well-being with the minimum of consumption. Thus, if the purpose of clothing is a certain amount of temperature comfort and an attractive appearance, the task is to attain this purpose with the smallest possible effort, that is, with the smallest annual destruction of cloth and with the help of designs that involve the smallest possible input of toil. The less toil there is, the more time and strength is left for artistic creativity. It would be highly uneconomic, for instance, to go in for complicated tailoring, like the modern West, when a much more beautiful effect can be achieved by the skilful draping of uncut material. It would be

NATURAL RESOURCES

Another striking difference between modern economics and Buddhist economics arises over the use of natural resources. Bertrand de Juvenal, the eminent French political philosopher, has characterized "Western man" in words which may be taken as a fair description of the modern economist:

"He tends to count nothing as an expenditure, other than human effort; he does not seem to mind how much mineral matter he wastes and, far worse, how much living matter he destroys. He does not seem to realize that all the human life is a dependent part of an ecosystem of many different forms of life. As the world is ruled from towns where men are cut off from any form of life other than human, the feeling of belonging to an ecosystem is not revived. This results in a harsh and improvident treatment of things upon which we ultimately depend, such as water and trees."

The teachings of the Buddha, on the other hand, enjoins a reverent and non-violent attitude not only to all sentient beings but also, with great emphasis, to trees. Every follower of the Buddha ought to plant a tree every few years and look after it until it is safely established, and the Buddhist economist can demonstrate without difficulty that the universal observance of this rule

ideal of non-violence in all he does.

Just as a modern European economist would not consider it a great economic achievement if all European art treasures were sold to America at attractive prices, so the Buddhist economist would insist that a population basing its economic life on non-renewable fuels is living parasitically, on capital instead of income. Such a way of life could have no permanence and could therefore be justified only as a purely temporary expedient. As the world's resources of non-renewable fuels—coal, oil and natural gas—are exceedingly unevenly distributed over the globe and undoubtedly limited in quantity, it is clear that their exploitation at an ever increasing rate is an act of violence against nature which must almost inevitably lead to violence between men.

THE MIDDLE WAY

This fact alone might give food for thought even to those people in Buddhist countries who care nothing for the religious and spiritual values of their heritage and ardently desire to embrace the materialism of modern economics at the fastest possible speed. Before they dismiss Buddhist economics as nothing better than a nostalgic dream, they might wish to consider whether the path of economic development outlined by modern economics is likely to lead them to places where they really want to be. Towards the end of his courageous book *The Challenge of Man's Future*, Professor Harrison Brown of the California Institute of Technology gives the following appraisal:

"Thus we see that, just as industrial society is fundamentally unstable and subject to reversion to agrarian existence, so within it the conditions which offer individual freedom are unstable in their ability to avoid the

conditions which impose rigid organization and totalitarian control. Indeed, when we examine all of the foreseeable difficulties which threaten the survival of industrial civilization, it is difficult to see how the achievement of stability and the maintenance of individual liberty can be made compatible."

Even if this were dismissed as a long-term view—and in the long term, as Keynes said, we are all dead—there is the immediate question of whether "modernization," as currently practised without regard to religious and spiritual values, is actually producing agreeable results. As far as the masses are concerned, the results appear to be disastrous—a collapse of the rural economy, a rising tide of unemployment in town and country, and the growth of a city proletariat without nourishment for either body or soul.

It is in the light of both immediate experience and long-term prospects that the study of Buddhist economics could be recommended even to those who believe that economic growth is more important than any spiritual or religious values. For it is not a question of choosing between "modern growth" and "traditional stagnation." It is a question of finding the right path of development or the Middle Way between materialist heedlessness and traditionalist immobility, in short, of finding Right Livelihood."

That this can be done is not in doubt. But it requires much more than blind imitation of the materialist way of life of the so-called advanced countries. It requires above all, the conscious and systematic development of a Middle Way in technology, of an "intermediate technology," as I have called it, a technology more productive and powerful than the decayed technology of the ancient East, but at the same time non-violent and immensely cheaper and simpler than the labor-saving technology of the modern west.

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the height of folly to make material so that it should wear out quickly and the height of barbarity to make anything ugly, shabby or mean. What has just been said about clothing applies equally to all other human requirements. The ownership and the consumption of goods is a means to an end, and Buddhist economics is the systematic study of how to attain given ends with the minimum means.

Modern economics, on the other hand, considers consumption to be the sole end and purpose of all economic activity, taking the factors of production—land, labor, and capital—as the means. The former, in short, tries to maximize human satisfactions by the optimal pattern of consumption, while the latter tries to maximize consumption by the optimal pattern of productive effort. It is easy to see that the effort needed to sustain a way of life which seeks to attain the optimal pattern of consumption is likely to be much smaller than the effort needed to sustain a drive for maximum consumption. We need not be surprised, therefore, that the pressure and strain of living is very much less in, say, Burma than it is the United States, in spite of the fact that the amount of labor-saving machinery used in the former country is only a minute fraction of the amount used in the latter.

would result in a high rate of genuine economic development independent of any foreign aid. Much of the economic decay of South-East Asia (as of many other parts of the world) is undoubtedly due to a heedless and shameful neglect of trees.

Modern economics does not distinguish between renewable and non-renewable materials, as its very method is to equalize and quantify everything by means of a money price. Thus, taking various alternative fuels, like coal, oil, wood or water power: the only difference between them recognized by modern economics is relative cost per equivalent unit. The cheapest is automatically the one to be preferred, as to do otherwise would be irrational and "uneconomic". From a Buddhist point of view, of course, this will not do; the essential difference between non-renewable fuels like coal and oil on the one hand and renewable fuels like wood and water power on the other cannot be simply overlooked. Non-renewable goods must be used only if they are indispensable, and then only with the greatest care and the most meticulous concern for conservation. To use them heedlessly or extravagantly is an act of violence, and while complete non-violence may not be attainable on this earth, there is none the less an ineluctable duty on man to aim at the

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NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

By Gary Moffatt
A Great Tradition

Although many of the people who are starting communes today feel that they are engaged in a new and radical social experiment, communal living experiments are as old as human life in America. We will here trace the history of communal experiments to attempt to determine what lessons can be learned from them to assist the experiments now beginning to survive. The Indians will be omitted from consideration, somewhat arbitrarily since they were practicing communal living hundreds of years before anyone else came here. However, to them communal living was a way of life rather than an experiment; we are concerned with those who have chosen communal living rather than other options open to them.

In 1713, a German named Conrad Beitzel founded the colony of Ephrata eight miles from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The members, who at times numbered thousands held all property communally and found no problems in increasing their numbers despite the strict practice of celibacy. Guided by Beitzel's interpretation of the scriptures, they prospered until old age diminished his powers, at which time the members began to leave. After his death the group broke up, leaving the still-prosperous farm in the hands of trustees who abandoned the communal experiment. Thus ended the first communal living experiment in North America. Professor Bestor identified 130 communities in the USA prior to 1861, and although most of them folded within two or three years, a few lasted for at least the lifetimes of the generation that founded them and a very few still survive today.

Basically, the history of communal living experiments in North America may be divided into three stages: (1) the experiments in rural communism launched at various points in the late 18th and 19th centuries to further commonly held ideals, generally of a religious nature (2) the rural socialist communities which were started to promote the semi-communistic ideals of Robert Owen and the joint-stock proposals of Fourier. These communities, all short-lived, flourished between 1820 and 1850. (3) the 20th century commune movement, generally motivated by a desire for economic survival independently of the existing social system and for more meaningful interpersonal relationships than a mass society seems able to supply. This trend first became evident during the depression years of the thirties, during which several communities were founded some of which still survive. Relatively dormant in the forties and fifties, it sprang to life again in the late sixties when it became obvious that social pressure would not permit a sizable urban counter-culture such as Haight-Ashbury to thrive amidst urban decay. Today's groups tend to be smaller than those of the 19th century, and to have a wide variety of structures; small urban-dwelling groups share quarters with some members holding outside jobs, while rural farming communes combine work and living.

Individual & Common Goals

What are the requirements of successful living in communes, or communities as the larger 19th century units were called? John Humphrey Noyes, who founded the community at Oneida and later wrote a history of socialist experiments in the early 19th century, concluded that they required previous acquaintance of the members and dedication to common religious principle. Most of today's communes have also found that those whose members knew each other before going on the land have a greater chance of success than those whose personnel come together through advertising and that commonly-held principles (whether one would call them a "religion" would depend on one's definition of the word) are very necessary. These ideals do not

always guarantee success, as the eventual collapse of the Perfectionist communities Noyes himself founded at Oneida and Wallingford indicates. It would seem from the record that those communes which are on a sound economic basis and whose members are capable of overcoming personal jealousies in dedication to a common goal are the most likely to succeed.

Perhaps further keys to successful community living may be found by studying the history of the communal movement in North America.

Socialist Communes

Noyes' history of American Socialisms is the first history chronologically, having been published first in 1870. It represents several years'

inspired by the writings of Robert Owen in the 1820s and Fourier in the 1840s. From Macdonald's research he gathered data on 11 Owenist and 34 Fourierist communities, of which only four lasted for more than three years (the longest ran 18.)

Noyes attributes most of the abandoned experiments to the mistake of admitting the wrong kind of people; "Owen's method of getting together the material of his Community seems to us the most obvious external cause of his failure. It was like advertising for a wife; and we never heard of anybody's getting a good wife by advertising. A public invitation to the industrious and well-disposed of all nations to come on and take possession of 30,000 acres of land and a ready-made village, leaving each one to judge as to his own industry and disposition, would insure a prompt gathering and also a speedy scattering." At this time, communal experiments usually involved 2-400 people apiece; today's communes, which average 10-20 members each, frequently encounter personality problems in which the amount of work shouldered by each individual becomes a point of contention, so it is not surprising that even more difficulties were experienced by the larger units.

Other factors which Noyes cites as contributing to the failures of the various communities include over extension of resources, the failure of the theoreticians who inspired the movement to personally participate and guide at least their own communities to success, purchase of larger amounts of land than could be farmed with a view towards later expansion, too heavy mortgages, and an absence of common purpose and visionary leadership. Noyes felt the need for a guiding common

continued on page twelve



This does not necessarily mean that one must or should sacrifice all personal aspirations to a collective will. In analyzing the failure of the Sunrise Hill community of which he was a member, Gordon Yaswen warns against looking to the community to provide what one can only provide for himself: "People who join communities cannot expect the community to provide them with happiness nor fulfillment or they will quickly encounter a frustration that focuses upon improper objects; the community and its other members. Optimally, therefore, community members ought to have their own 'thing'—their own private pursuit of what to them is good, their own work—before they enter the community. Another way of saying all this is that communities of people who come to a community in pursuit of something other than community seem to have a better chance of survival than those where community itself is the goal. In still other words, community ought to be not an end but a means to a greater end in the minds of its members."

It seems that, to maximize the chances for success, members of a community must somehow reconcile the above mentioned individual goals with the need for an organized and systematic approach to the community's necessary work. After comparing a number of 19th century communities which succeeded with a number which did not, Rosabeth Moss Kanter concludes that the small, anarchistic communes where membership is open and "everyone does his own thing at his own time" have scant success prospects, even if they hold intimate sensitivity sessions similar to those of the 19th century communes. The successful 19th century communes usually limited entrance to those who clearly shared a common goal and created intense involvement in a group which worked and played together. This was often done at the expense of the family unit: children were placed in separate dwellings, and in some cases intimate feelings between couples were discouraged by celibacy or, in the case of Oneida, by community supervision of marriages in which couples showing an excess of special love would be broken up or forced into relationships with others. (It should be pointed out that the sacrifice of the family unit is not an indispensable key to success: the Moshavin Shitufim communities of Israel have thrived by communizing property and equalizing income but maintaining separate domiciles for each family.)

work by Noyes and A.J. Macdonald, who had started the task of visiting communes and recording his observations, but died before having time to arrange them in manuscript form. Noyes got hold of the notes, and added Macdonald's observations to his own. Noyes, an active participant in socialist communitarianism, was chiefly concerned with the experiments

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Under the Sun

continued from page eleven
spirit, which he called afflatus, behind a successful Community to enable it to make good decisions. He saw this as usually being supplied by the medium of strong personal leadership although too strong leadership could defeat afflatus by leaving a great vacuum when the original leader dies; at this time, the afflatus must be transferable to another medium.

Noyes has some rather curious ideas about where this afflatus is to be found—his major political example is the "Bonaparte dynasty," with Napoleon's afflatus having been distributed after he fell but later concentrated again on Napoleon III, who "proves to be as great in diplomacy and organization as the first Napoleon was in war." Although the book was published a year before this Napoleon lost all save honour and his skin at the hands of Bismarck, one would have thought that the Mexican fiasco would have raised some doubts about his afflatus.

Hoped Church Would Lead

To start communities, Noyes felt that only the church has the necessary afflatus: "Judging from all our experience and observation, we should say that the two most essential requisites for the formation of successful Communities are religious principle and previous acquaintance of the members. Both of these were lacking in Owen's experiment." It is not surprising that a comparison of the record of the short-lived socialist experiments with the more successful communities based on religious communism (some of which were flourishing after several decades when Noyes wrote) should lead to this conclusion. It is nonetheless difficult for the modern reader to avoid a condescending attitude when Noyes concludes: "The best outlook for Socialism is in the direction of the local churches. They are scattered everywhere, and under a powerful afflatus might easily be converted into Communities. In that case Communism would have the advantage of previous religion, previous acquaintance and previous rudimentary organizations, all assisting in the tremendous transition from the old world of selfishness to the new world of common interest. We believe that a church that is capable of genuine revival could modulate into daily meetings, criticism and all the self-denials of Communism, far more easily than any gathering by general proclamation for the sole purpose of forwarding a Community." He expresses the hope that the churches of all denominations will evolve into Communism—alas, things haven't worked out quite this way. Communism is quite compatible with the teachings of Christ, but the Christian church is another matter entirely.

This book on the whole is rather dull reading, the bulk of it consisting of accounts of the rise and fall of each important community. There is too much similarity and repetition in these accounts to hold the interest of most readers, although several are spiced with interesting observations from participants. The introductory and concluding chapters should interest anyone concerned with communal living, since they summarize the observations and conclusions of at least one participant in the 19th century movement, probably shared by many others. Among the interesting sidelights is Noyes' remark that in accounts he had collected of the communities there was scant trouble mentioned with jealousies and quarrels over love matters. Earlier, Owen had named marriage as one of the trinity of man's oppressors, but his pessimism appears to have been unjustified at least to the extent of creating friction within the communities. The religious communities all distrusted sex, some to the point of practising celibacy, and present day communes appear to have renounced mixed marriage in favour of pair bonds, whether sanctified by the marriage ceremony or otherwise. The smaller size of today's communes makes personal relationships an even more delicate problem than in the 19th century

communities, but we have no evidence to suggest that unrequited love is a major factor in breaking up communes. Perhaps the religious celibates have exaggerated the problem.

Owenite Communities

The recent Harrison book provides a more condensed, up-to-date account of Owen's experiences in America (at least 16 Owenite communities were attempted in the USA, and seven more in Britain.) The most famous of these was the 20,000 acre tract of land which Owen purchased from the Rappists (a successful religious communist group desiring to move further west and expand) at New Harmony Indiana. Due to the work of the Rappists, two thousand acres of land were under cultivation, buildings had been erected and everything was ready for immediate occupation as a community. 900 people answered Owen's public invitation to join the community, and Owen himself lived there in 1826-7 with a son running it at other times. Less than a year after occupancy two groups had broken away to form separate communities within New Harmony, one composed of English immigrants and the other of settlers who disliked Owen's religious views. Three more independent communities—a School Society, an Agricultural and Pastoral Society and a Mechanic and Manufacturing Society—quickly followed, and within four years New Harmony had completely lapsed into individualism. There were a variety of Owenist-inspired community ventures, including Frances Wright's attempt to start a community for freed negro slaves in Indiana (here, a policy of racial integration produced hostility among the neighbours and eventually the negroes were removed to Haiti.)

Nine of the communities were financed by a single person, the remainder relying on the subscriptions or shares of the settlers themselves. In the former cases, the settlers were generally lessees of the gentleman property owners—in most cases it was envisaged that the members would ultimately pay off the whole of the capital, which would then be like a mortgage or loan. Some of the property owners, including Owen at New Harmony, found themselves confronting segments of their settlers who believed in thorough-going communism and wanted the property handed over to the members at once. In no Owenite community was complete communism attained; the nearest to it was communal ownership of all the land under some form of trusteeship and

individual ownership of personal property. All communities provided for weekly or monthly meetings of all the members to discuss business and elect officers, and no aspect of community life seems to have flourished so strongly. Generally the resident members were able to assert their control over social matters and day-to-day life in the community, but were prevented from questioning its basic economic and property structure. Another problem was the discomfort middle-class communitarians experienced in having to live so closely with members of the working classes: "Oh, if you could see some of the rough uncouth creatures here, I think you would find it rather hard to look upon them exactly in the light of brothers and sisters," wrote Sarah Pears from New Harmony.

There was also a certain degree of regimentation. Liquor was generally banned, and sometimes tobacco as well. At Queenwood all male members were required to do two hours of digging every afternoon: "At a quarter past five...the bell rung for leaving work, when, at the word of command, each, after cleaning his spade, pick or fork...shouldered it and marched to the tool house, and from whence all marched to the hall in strict military order, led by the governor." Owen felt that all difficulties could be resolved by applying his principles, and appears not to have considered the possibility of Owenites differing in their interpretation of these principles (or even requiring a little red book to elucidate them, as a contemporary founder of communes has found useful).

In no case did the communities conform to Owen's specifications for optimum numbers, size of land holding, types of members, and architectural design (he favoured 2,000 members), enabling him to say later that none of the communities had been a fair trial of his system (a similar claim on Fourier's behalf is made by Noyes). Harrison's book sets Owen's attempts to start communities in the perspective of his entire career, and enables us to measure his failure in America against his success in creating improved working conditions in his British factories.

Alternative To Unions

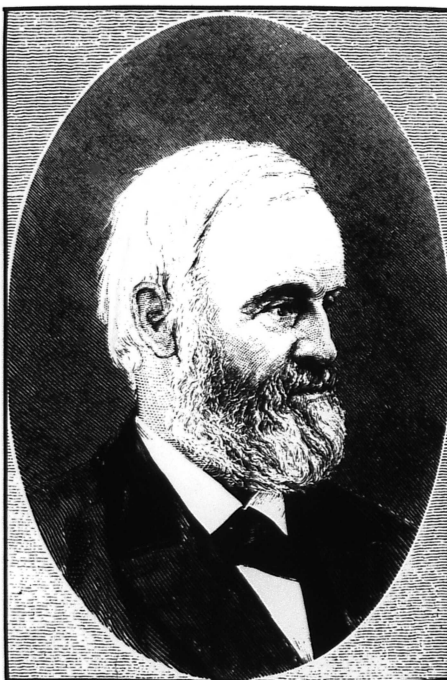
Charles Nordhoff wrote "The Communitistic Societies of the United States" six years after the Noyes book, at a time when it was becoming evident that labourers would use their unions rather than communal societies as a means of winning their human dignity. Nordhoff detested unions, which he felt were teaching workers to accept as inevitable for themselves and for the

mass of the nation the condition of hirelings, interested only in improving the condition of their servitude rather than forming associations to control the means of production; "If the Trades-Unions had used a tenth of the money they have wasted in futile attempts to shorten hours of labour and excite their members to hatred, indolence, and waste, in making public the statistics and the possibilities of co-operation, they would have achieved some positive good." He noted that, although the nonsectarian communities had failed to survive, the experiments in communism had frequently been successful, raising farmers and mechanics of very limited means and education to considerable degrees of material comfort. He therefore investigated these societies in an attempt to learn the secrets of their success, with a view towards providing an alternative for workers whose hopes of becoming independent employers of their own labour were being blighted by unions.

Nordhoff was a professional journalist and ex-sailor (a grandson of the same name later eclipsed his fame by co-authoring such romantic sea novels as *The Hurricane* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*). He views the communities he visits with a journalist's objectivity and writing skill rather than the personal involvement evident in Noyes' work, and in general his accounts are much more readable than Noyes'—they generally include a history of each community and his impressions on visiting it, whereas Noyes (who was unable to visit his communities because most of them had collapsed) was forced to rely on dry records and observations of a few survivors. Noyes says little about the communistic experiments, and the only community both writers treat at length is Oneida.

Communist Experiments

Nordhoff's search embraced a total



J. H. NOYES, FOUNDER OF THE PERFECTIONISTS.

Nostalgia, Etc.

and
A FABRIC PLACE TOO

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* 448-0113 *

Under the Sun

of eight societies and 72 communes, with an age range of 22-80 years, which disproves the theory that communes cannot outlive their original founders. The 5,000 members held at the most 36 acres of land each, a comparatively small amount by the standards of pioneer America but enough to secure them, in Nordhoff's opinion, "a greater amount of comfort and vastly greater security against want and demoralization than were attained by their neighbours or the surrounding population, with better schools and opportunities of training for their children, and far less exposure for the women and the aged and infirm." Noting that all but three of the communities were German, he remarked that "The Germans make better communists than any other people — unless the Chinese should some day turn their attention to communistic attempts. What I have seen of these people in California and the Sandwich Islands leads me to believe that they are well calculated for communistic experiments." Mao was to make Nordhoff a prophet.

Noyes had concluded that religious principle is a necessary prerequisite for successful communal living; Nordhoff amplifies this concept by pointing out that this principle should not be a narrow and fanatical belief; the Icarians had substituted the communistic idea for Christianity as their 'religion' and the Aurora community was held together by a belief in unselfishness as the essence of all religion. On the other hand, the Shakers, Rappists, Baumeiers, Eben-Ezers and Perfectionists each had a positive, deeply-rooted religious faith, but were not 'fanatics' because they admitted that there is room in the world for other religious beliefs.

Nordhoff's observations also exploded the myth that communistic societies usually oppose family life. Five of the societies he studied retained separate households for each family, and the Perfectionists of Oneida and Wallingford retained the family concept once a community decision to institute a marriage had been made. The Shakers and Rappists were celibates, but adopted children and in the case of the Rappists combined men, women and children into small "families."

Besides being efficient farmers, the communists studied by Nordhoff had established a wide variety of manufacturing industries, which they had made thrive by good workmanship and honest dealings. Shaker garden seeds had for nearly three quarters of a century been accepted as the best all over the USA, while textiles and machine repairs were undertaken in a wide variety of communities. Nordhoff reports that every commune, no matter what was its character or the intelligence of its members, contained a variety of business and mechanical skills, and that it was natural for the most intelligent members of the communities to rise to places of leadership. These leaders received unquestioning obedience from the membership, but took no important step without its unanimous consent (who says consensus is unobtainable?). Living standards were high without the individuals having to put in a great amount of work by existing standards. Religious observances took up a great deal of time, and many amusements taken for granted elsewhere (i.e. music, tobacco, dancing, reading other than religious tracts) were either prohibited or discouraged by custom. There was considerable fear of sex, which two of the societies banned outright by becoming celibates and the remainder inhibited by strictly regulating contact between the sexes. Although the communities Nordhoff discusses have broken up since the book was written many of their attitudes remain among their descendants (a few years ago I visited descendants of the Oneida community, and found attitudes towards extra-marital sex highly puritanical by modern standards).

Nordhoff found honesty, cleanliness good health and personal comfort prevalent among all the groups he visited — he was concerned about a



lack of much interest in such artistic projects as establishing libraries or musical instruments, but reflected that given the working class background of most of the participants it is unlikely that they would have had these amenities in any event. He found the people cheerful despite the dullness of their lives.

Nordhoff concludes that communal living is "in almost all ways a higher and better, and also a pleasanter life" than that of the mechanic and labourer in the cities, or the small farmer in the country: "It provides a greater variety of employment for each individual, and thus increases the dexterity and broadens the faculties of men. It offers a wider range of wholesome enjoyments, and also greater restraints against debasing pleasures. It gives independence, and inculcates prudence and frugality. It demands self-sufficiency, and restrains selfishness and greed; and thus increases the happiness which comes from the moral side of human nature. Finally, it relieves the individual's life from a great mass of caring cares, from the necessity of over-severe and exhausting toil, from the dread of misfortune or exposure in old age."

The Hutterites

Few experiments in religious communism have survived to our own day, one exception being the Hutterite communities in Canada and the USA. Peter's book on the Hutterites brings the Nordhoff work up to date by depicting the way of life of a group whose dedication to its principles is strong enough to withstand the onslaught of the electronic age (to some extent by repelling it; radios and television sets are not allowed in the Hutterite communities, although the daily press is read). The members have established a good deal of economic security, re-enforced by the policy of colonies loaning money to each other free of interest and coming to the aid of any colony which should meet with disaster. For this security they sacrifice many of the freedoms taken for granted elsewhere as group displeasure prevents the individual from transgressing the ethics of the community. Young people are discouraged from leaving the community for the outside world, and if those who do so later return (as often happens) they must show penitence and are then re-admitted, albeit with a slight stain on their record. The Hutterites seem to have less young people leave than the 19th century communities Nordhoff visited (those which practiced celibacy and raised adopted children found the departure of these children to be the rule rather than the exception, doubtless hastening their collapse).

Generation Gap

Assuming the first generation on a commune succeeds in achieving economic survival, the next problem is to keep the communitarian spirit alive among the young people who have been raised there and may be as discontented with this society as the elders were with the one the elders left to start the commune. Some of the young parents

on communes today have expressed the thought that their children may eventually leave the commune just as they have left their parents' world; others clearly expect, or at least hope, that this will not be the case.

Israeli Experience

North America has had scant experience with the problem of keeping second generations on the communes, since the 19th century efforts usually didn't last long enough for a second generation to grow up and the present-day communes are still too young for this to have happened. The problem has, however, been experienced to some degree in Israel, which found communes a useful means of originally settling the country. As Mark Holloway points out in his modern introduction to the Nordhoff book, "The occurrence of small communistic societies in the United States and in Israel would suggest that this type of social organization is well adapted to an early stage in the development of nations in which there is a rapid increase in population due to mass immigration. Most of these immigrants, especially if they are unskilled, will stand a better chance of survival or of improving their standard of living by adopting a communistic regime." Aside from survival, many of the Israeli kibbutzes were formed to promote a variety of political ideals. As Israel grew, however, big city life began to exert a pull on many of the young Israelis, and many communes had to face the problem: how are you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Tel Aviv?

Melford Spiro's book "Kibbutz" describes the experiences of one such commune. First published in 1956, it charts several of the pitfalls involved in community living. The unidentified commune (like most of the smaller ones in Nn North America today) would likely have a shaky relationship with the government because it was pro-USSR in an anti-USSR country at the time of the study. However, it complies with all Israeli laws including conscription and participates in the country's politics, so

no measures have been taken to repress it. As the commune emerged from its formative, heroic period, the original founders grew old and found a greater need for comfort and privacy than they had when young, creating a tendency to retreat from their early ideal of shared experiences. The young, unaware of the ways of the world which the commune had been originally established to escape from, often questioned being on the commune. The draft gave each young man a taste of life outside the commune, and although at the time the book was written nobody had chosen not to return, it was clear that many were torn two ways on the question of city versus small village life (the fact that this kibbutz was composed of working class people for whom the attraction of the arts and higher education is not as great as with many other Israeli kibbutzes undoubtedly helped produce the eventual decisions to return.) Devotion to the ideals of public ownership, social equality and collective education might suffice to maintain a collective farm (with families working the land in common but living separately), but life in a kibbutz—as in most of the small American communes of today—requires a great deal of ability to relate to others and sacrifice of privacy and personal goals.

Can the kibbutz be maintained without the emotional-ethical dynamic that motivated the original founders? Spiro notes that the young Israelis have many of the psychological characteristics which are probably necessary for the survival of kibbutz culture: identification with a group, a sense of security within a group, an absence of intense acquisitive drives, the absence of intense success strivings, a willingness to assume social responsibilities. But there is not yet enough evidence to indicate whether the dreams and hopes of the young will be such that can be reconciled with a living system built on the dreams and hopes of their parents.

Left Bruderhof

This problem is further discussed by Philip Hazelton, who left the Bruderhof continued on page fourteen



Under the Sun

continued from page thirteen

community as a young man and is now teaching at the Everdale Place free school, in "Trailing the Founder" (This Magazine is About Schools vol. 4 nos. 2,3): "The founding generation of the utopia is actually the only generation of the utopia. You cannot inherit an ideal through birth; you cannot be educated for idealism. If you require an idealism is practice, you can only found that idealism, and the kibbutz fails to recognize this. As the first generation is educating the second, there is an implied criticism of the second generation at the same time, mainly that they're not as vital, that they're not as determined, as committed, as energetic, as intellectually sharp, as the founding generation, and community kids labor under incredible guilt that this is so. Against it they can do nothing, because at the same time they have been educated to profoundly admire the founding generation." In this respect community education may be inferior to that of society, where the young are encouraged to go away from their elders and start new families.

The Bruderhof were started by the WanderVogel, German young people who after World War One adopted many characteristics of the present-day youth movement (long hair, sandals, rejection of private property, travel etc.). Many of the Jewish group among them later became kibbutzniks; the Bruderhof based their society on Christian principles, including pacifism and rejection of private property. Swedes, French and English joined the farms, and when Hitler took power they left for the USA (many later re-migrated to Latin America, when the Americans threatened to put them in concentration camps during World War Two.) Hazelton feels that the kibbutz system raises rather a passive crop of young people by simply asking them to accept their parents' values, while the Bruderhof requires young people to reason their own way through to accepting the group's beliefs before they are accepted as full members. This produces greater independence, and also a much greater number of drop-outs, some of whom never adjust successfully either to the Bruderhof community or the outside world.

Hazelton also expresses his suspicion that having to choose between having friends and having a community spirit is a basic communal problem; describing life at Everdale, he observes "People feel that in order for them to go on defending the cause they have to forfeit human friendship. Human friendship allows much more individualism than any cause can afford to encompass. Thus the irony that we staff at Everdale are always stumbling into the thorn-bush of community versus friendship. We often have 'community' but we never are 'friends'. Even the kids experience this agony. Thus, in order to 'save' community I am required to give up a friendship by saying Johnny to account for himself at a staff-meeting. Thus Freddy is expected to 'report' Greg if he sees him lighting up in the barn. Already he has to make the choice 'community' or friendship. This duality is still an agony in my life. The thing is, it works both ways. Sometimes you can really enjoy community with someone you know you could never be personal friends with. However, kids believe in friendship not community." Any successful experiment in communal living will have to have consensus on which of the two is most important.

20th Century

It is obvious that the commune movement is still in its formative, heroic period. In North America, few communities have lasted beyond one generation, and only those cemented by very strong religious fundamentalist beliefs unacceptable to most of the rest of us have endured to this day. In Israel, commonly held political goals have enabled many communes to go into second or third generations, but Israel's needs as a country with vast numbers of immigrants and a highly insecure

national situation have dictated a policy of encouraging the kibbutz system—whether it would survive under normal circumstances remains to be tested.

The 20th century commune movement in North America is still too young for any judgments as to its success or failure. During the depression of the early thirties, a number of small communities grew to enable hungry and displaced people to scratch a subsistence living from the soil. An outgrowth of this was the school of living founded at Harmon Ohio by Ralph Borsodi and

for a temporary home and family. The more permanent growth and learning center is a place for enduring commitment for those who want a rooted way of life in community." For such a center to exist, there must clearly be a common agreement among the members as to its purpose. This is best found, as Noyes pointed out, among people with prior acquaintanceship: failing this, new members should form a small percentage of the total membership at any time and be subjected to a probationary period to establish whether his goals and the commune's are in fact reconcilable. To



Mildred Loomis, whose purpose was to teach people to live self-sufficiently from the land and to relate to each other (through sensitivity sessions.) Founded in the late thirties, the school was responsible for the formation of hundreds of small communities, some of which still survive.

There is almost no important literature as yet on these communes. Hedgepeth's book "The Alternative" is not written for people engaged in the experiment; its purpose instead is to explain them to straight America and it does so in an eloquent prose which brings back memories of such writers of the 1930s as James Agee and Thomas Wolfe, and masks a complete lack of new insights into the commune movement. It is moreover already dated, since many of the communes described have already buried their original ideals under mounds of dirt, garbage (a designation which includes the good supply) and drugs. Still, one cannot expect too much from a Look editor and Dennis Stock's photographs tell us a good deal more about what it's all about than the text. One major reason Noyes found for the 19th century failures was a tendency to admit people unprepared to do their share of the work, and today's communes have learned (not from reading Noyes, but from bitter experience) that freeloaders can ruin many an enterprise and that only a very tight admission policy will keep them out. Thus, Hedgepeth's subjects are much wiser of publicity than those interviewed by Noyes and Nordhoff.

Nonetheless, they have a great deal in common with their forebears of the last century—a determination to live according to their own convictions, a renunciation of society's values, and a desire to create the sort of community they want instead of just talking about it. They face pressures both from a society worried about losing so many agents of production and consumption, and from social reformers who resent what to them seems withdrawal from the struggle. Many are desperately short of the financial resources needed to pull them through the first critical years, a difficulty which defeated many determined enterprises a century ago. Many have already failed, but for each commune that collapses several new ones rise to take its place.

What factors maximize the chance of a commune for success? After comparing successful and unsuccessful communes, Kanter concludes: "The small, dissolvable, unstructured commune may meet its members' needs

Nordhoff, Charles. *The Communitarian Societies of the United States*. New York, Dover, 1966 (originally published 1875.) xi, 439 p. \$2.00 paperbound.

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Yaswen, Gordon. *Sunrise Hill: Post Mortem*. Win magazine August 1970.

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Kanter, Rosabeth Moss. *Communes*. Psychology Today July 1970.

All That Glitters...

Correction:

In the last issue of HARRY we carried a report from the College Press Service that George Harrington, an American living in Canada, was one of the people indicted by an Ohio Grand Jury for "crimes" associated with the disorders at Kent State University during which four students were murdered by National Guardsmen.

Later reports show that Harrington was, in fact, not among those indicted in that case. He was indicted by a regular county Grand Jury on charges of selling a hallucinogen. He is unknown among Kent State activists, and is believed to have only been passing through Kent when he was arrested.

In short, he seems to be a small-time, unrighteous dope dealer with delusions of grandeur.

We regret the error.

The story was concerned with the current repression in Canada, as well as the Kent indictments. Both of these are, of course, very real—in the sense that AmeriKa is real.

Love to Joshua

Susan Huey, renowned waitress of Fatty Arbuckles, gave birth November 11 to Joshua, who is a 7 lb. 10 ounce boy. Susan had planned to have her child at home, but finally had to go to Johns Hopkins Clinic where labor was induced. Harry extends congratulations and love to mother and child.



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Noyes, John Humphrey. *History of American Socialisms*. New York, Hillary, 1961 (originally published 1870.) vi, 678 p. \$12.50.

Harrison, J.F.C. *Robert Owen and the Owenites in Britain and America*. London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1969. xi, 392 p. 3½ pounds.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.

continued from page twenty-three

thru Dec. 13
 "The Natural Look" Garland Dinner Theater.
 Columbia, Md. Tues-Sun Dinner 7PM; Curtain 8:30PM

Nov. 17-Dec. 13
 "Agatha Sue, I Love You" Limestone Valley Dinner Theater, Cockeysville, Md., Wed.-Mon. Dinner 7PM; Curtain 8:30PM

Nov. 16-21
 "Butterflies Are Free"
 Nov. 24-28
 Les Ballets Africains
 Morris Mechanic Theater, Mon-Thurs 8PM; Fri-Sat 8:30PM

thru Dec. 20
 "Arsenic and Old Lace" Oregon Ridge Dinner Theater, Cockeysville, Md., Tues-Sun Dinner 7PM, curtain 8:30PM

Nov. 6-29
 "The Owl and the Pussycat" Spotlighters, 817 St. Paul Street, Fri-Sun 8:30PM

EXHIBITS

thru Nov. 29
 Vincent Van Gogh
 thru Dec. 3
 Accent on Acquisitions III
 Baltimore Museum of Art Tues-Sat 11AM-5PM; Sun 2-5PM

thru Nov.
 B & O Transportation Museum, Pratt and Poppleton Streets, Wed.-Sun. 10AM-4PM. Cars and locomotives dating from 1829, dioramas, models, signal equipment and other exhibits.

thru Nov.
 Baltimore Streetcar Museum, 1901 Falls Road, Sun. 1-4PM. Collection of cars showing the evolution of the street car in Baltimore from 1880 to 1963.

thru Nov.
 Carroll Mansion, Lombard and Front Streets, Wed.-Fri. 10:30AM-4:30PM; Sat. and Sun. 1-5PM. The city house of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, furnished to illustrate the decorative tastes of the 1810-1840 period.

thru Nov.
 U.S.F. Constellation, Pier 1, Pratt Street, Tues-Sat. 10AM-4PM. Sun. Noon-5PM. Launched in Baltimore in 1797, this was the first ship of the U.S. Navy.

thru Nov.
 Fells Point Gallery, 811 S. Broadway, Wtd. and Thurs. 11AM-3PM; Sat. 12-4PM; Sun 2-5PM. Crafts

thru Nov.
 Johns Hopkins University, Mon.-Fri. 9AM-5PM.
 "Flowers of the Sensuous Mind", paintings by Mark Spector.

Nov. 19-Dec. 7
 Maryland Institute of Art, Mon.-Fri. 8:30 AM-10PM; Sat. 9AM-Noon; Sun. 2-6PM. Reba Stewart Landscapes.

thru Nov.
 Old Town Meeting House, Fayette and Aisquith Streets, Sat. and Sun. 1-5PM. Black History Exhibit.

thru Dec. 7
 Walters Art Gallery, Charles and Centre Streets, Mon 1-4PM; Tues-Sat 11AM-4PM. The First University Press and its Forerunners.

thru Nov.
 Washington Monument, Mt. Vernon Place, Daily 10AM-4:30PM. Exhibits showing George's association with Baltimore.

thru Nov. 29
 Batik by Miss Joan Gibbs on display at Nostalgia, Etc., 2412 Pickwick Rd., Dickeyville. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri 11AM-4PM; Sat, Sun 11AM-5PM

thru Dec.
 Local artists at No fish Today. 7-9PM.

Nov. 4-25
 Ceramics by Daniel Brown and Robert Pitman, Essex Community College, 8AM-10PM

thru Nov. 30
 The History and Art of Book Manuscript Illumination, Pratt Library's George Peabody Branch, 17 E. Mt. Vernon Place

FILMS

Nov. 11-Dec. 8
 "A Visit with Errol Flynn!" The Seven East
 Nov. 14-17 "San Antonio", "The Charge of the Light Brigade"
 Nov. 18-20 "Desperate Journey", "Edge of Darkness"
 Nov. 21-24 "Santa Fe Trail", "The Dawn Patrol"
 Nov. 25-27 "The Prince and the Pauper", "The Adventures of Robin Hood"
 Nov. 28-Dec. 1 "Dodge City", "The Sea Hawk"
 Call 832-1957 for times and prices

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 Thunder's Place, Loyola College. Live Entertainment on Fri and Sat., "Open Mike" on Sun nite. 435-9740

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS

Every Sunday
 The Unified Family (World-wide movement founded around The Divine Principle and Sun M. Moon), 514 N. Charles St., 3PM, call 539-0376 for info.

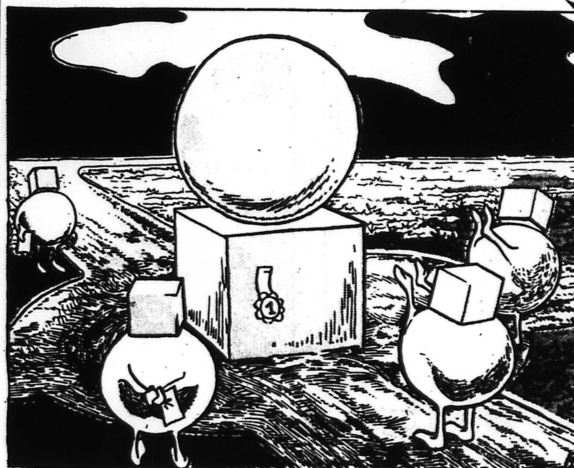
SAVE THE CULTURE

by Jay Graboski & Mark O'Connor

The phone was ringing for the second time. Art Peyton answered it. The voice was that of a minor official at a suburban teen center who had ventured to hire Quinn to play there. Art immediately assumed that he had called to re-hire the band. Much to his dismay the gentleman had called to "give him hell" for pawning such a poor group off on him. His comments ranged from: "They didn't play anything the kids wanted" and "They didn't play any songs" to "They took too long to pack up their equipment, recorded themselves and kept me waiting to close up". His finale was something to the effect that he'd rather not have Quinn back in the future or at any time to make his request more emphatic.

The answer to the problem is trite yet simple: a large, well hyped-up rock club in the city or in the Balto.-D.C. area where the masses can go, support the groups both morally and financially and bring the freaks together for the music that is of us and for us.

These things have been said before not to mention (in any detail) how folk music has been choked and stifled. Any ideas or suggestions on how to solve the dilemma and promote original groups and support creativity will be welcome. As Bart Arconti, the semi red-neck, hard hat, pseudo-hyped up drummer for Quinn has stated, "I'm one of the best percussionists in the area but no one knows me because of the hype that's going around." For example the only



Quinn is one of the more recent bands on the scene and certainly has enough integrity and musical potential to transcend such timeless masterpieces as In-a-gadda etc. In fact, the entire Asgard community (Aubrey Circle, Aux, Quinn, etc.), bands and musicians committed to making their own contribution to the music culture, are grossly under-rated, under-paid, under-publicized and sometimes starving "to boot". It is sad when a person has devoted his life or part of it to an artistic idiom which he loves, within which he creatively expresses himself and reaps nothing other than a petty harvest of groupies, a few bucks and the omnipresent opportunity to remain perennially unknown in a city the size of Baltimore; while the "top 40" bands are "raking in" the bread and keep the level of musical growth down to a little less than static.

There is talent in Baltimore, there are freaks in Baltimore, but there is an excess of apathy and nowhere to play. San Francisco was much the same in 1965. Listen to what the Dead were doing then on their latest album. They were playing the all-time, great, soul standards until Mr. Graham came, hence the Fillmore, Winterland, the Avalon and "so on and so forth". People came to Frisco, it became the center of the hippie culture and the music, the beginning of the New American Renaissance as well as the source of vast profits. I get the impression that many think Baltimore is nowhere and no one comes here because there is nothing to come here for. After all, how "happening" can a city be if groups like Jethro Tull do a gig in Gaithersburg, Md. and never step foot in our fair city, a major metropolis in the "Woodstock Nation". This place is a big fiasco! The groups have no faith in what the future holds for them here because it comes to

places to hear music on a large, commercial scale are the clubs (Latin Casino, etc.) and teen centers where age difference doesn't seem to occasion any major variations in what they want to hear.

It is definitely sad when the young adults of America and its pre-adolescents are saturated with the shit they play on the local stations and clamor in throngs, over spilled beer or punch, to request the poignant and innovative tunes one hears by tuning into these most popular AM and FM stations.

There must be a re-poetization of life in our city. The musicians have something to offer in this direction. Please, hear them, support them and try to get into what they do for they are of us.

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LETTERS

Dear HARRY.

I feel we should take a less critical view of Nixon's policies. Granted, they eat shit, but so do insects, and honestly, man, ten billion flies can't all be wrong.....

M. Block

Dear HARRY.

Start the revolution! Fuck the pigs. Kill the freaks in Washington. And peace in Vietnam.

Ron River

Dear HARRY.

True wisdom does not exist in speaking of understanding but in living it. Letting its presence speak for itself. Those of us who realize this should understand that not everyone, in fact a majority of people, do not communicate on such a subtle, intuitive level. We must be wise enough to compromise and meet them on a level that they can understand so that slowly we can elevate them.

HARRY displays creative art work and enlightening articles to all people on all levels. If it fails to communicate on a level that everyone can understand, it defeats its whole purpose. It is not what we say, it is the way we say it that is important. How can an average housewife and mother of a young freak read HARRY (representing all the wonderful enthusiasm behind her youngsters new-found goal) and understand the word "fuck", "shit", and "pig"? All she can do on her level is turn away in disgust.

Until HARRY transcends its use of sensationalism to a higher level of understanding and unity its purpose is lost, and, if that is true, it is very sad because it has so much goodness to offer...everyone.

Tom M. Gale

Dear HARRY.

I must write to your magazine to tell you exactly what I think of the matter. All the time I see these funny little people running around selling copies of this magazine, and it has your name written on the front in big letters. What, pray tell, are we to think of this?

It's not that I sleep in telephone booths, but at four o'clock in the morning I just want to know what the hell is going on around here, anyway?

Sincerely,
R.

HARRY Newspaper

What a corny paper. You must all be a bunch of country corn balls.

Bill Duncan

Dear HARRY.

It's been long overdue but progressive rock radio is finally opening up in Baltimore. There are now three stations in the city which offer rock music (and I'm not counting fucked-up WLPL). WAYE-AM, 860, is now on a full day of rock music, and once you learn how to ignore the race results, you'll enjoy it. They don't have any announcers, but the biggest hang up is that they sign off at sunset. WBJC-FM, 91.5, stereo, plays rock Monday through Friday from 4:30 P.M. to 7:00 P.M., and on Sundays from 1:00 P.M. to 3:00 P.M. WBAL-FM, 97.9, stereo, plays rock seven days a week at 11:05 P.M. If you have a good radio, you can try WMAL-FM, 107.3, stereo, in Washington. They play rock from 9:00 A.M. to 1:45 A.M. Please print this stuff so that the people will have something to listen to. I hope that your readers will write to these stations for more rock radio.

Highlandtown Freak

CULTVRE



FUN FETE FREAKS FROLIC

by Jenny

There is a lot that should be said for the West Read Street Merchants, musicians and people in general of Baltimore. On Halloween day the third annual Read Street Festival was called off because of a threatening sky. In spite of the dreary day, a couple of thousand freaks showed up any how. None of the scheduled bands or outdoor festivities went on and it very well could have turned out to be a free for all mob scene. Anyone above the 35-40 age bracket would assure you that that many hippies crowded together without supervision or diversions would have been trouble—rapings, mugging, bloodshed, riots, etc., etc. For some reason even though they long for youth they're afraid of it. Well, the really fine side of Baltimore youth showed up on the Rainy Day Festival. Everyone amused themselves by digging on just being there with a couple of thousand other people just digging on everyone else. Late in the day, some local bands—Naked Ape and Orange made a good effort to entertain the crowd by setting up on the sidewalks and playing. The Merchants Association made the best of a sticky situation and spent a lot of time pacifying the uptight "elders" of the neighborhood and city, assuring them the festival really had been called off and that they were as flipped out as anyone else! After a lot of talking, they were able to convince the authorities that the street wasn't intentionally blocked off (they couldn't



keep a couple thousand bodies on the small sidewalks!) and were able to retain the necessary permits to hold the festival for the Fellowship of Lights the following weekend.

It could have really been a drag getting the actual festival called off

because the Fellowship of Lights wouldn't have been able to benefit from the street markets, and beer and food stands which give donations and/or percentages to the charity. As it turned out the festival seems to have been a huge success.

On the actual festival day three times as many people showed up than the previous week. Everyone came back and brought their whole family and all their friends.

The flea markets and food concessions went up as planned with no more than the usual chaos. The music was a little bit fouled up. It took the merchants some doing to get it all together. Many of the scheduled bands found that the rescheduling of the festival interfered with other gigs they already had. Times that they had been scheduled to play weren't cool the following week. Joshua, Blackfoot Smoke, Exit and Pen Lucy weren't able to actually play but members from each of them came and helped out and added what they could. Two groups, Cabbage and Bosco jumped in with one days notice and played in the cancellation spots which was a really big help in closing up the gaps. Special mention is also in line for Maypole, a new group from London Records, and also for Biff Rose, who is in the process of cutting a new album, both of whom took time out from their busy schedules to play for the Fellowship of Lights festival. Orange, Grain, Rasputin, Quarry, Expressway to Reality and Smirk got everything together and put on good shows despite time differences.

Altogether the festival was a really fine showing of Baltimore's hip community uniting. It showed everyone that we can get together and make a good time no matter how many freaks come. No one saw the need to make or add to any unnecessary trouble or hassles. The third annual Read Street Festival (both of them) helped make a lot of freaks really proud to say, "Yeah, I'm from Baltimore."

by Stephanie Chelgren
and Jack Heyrman

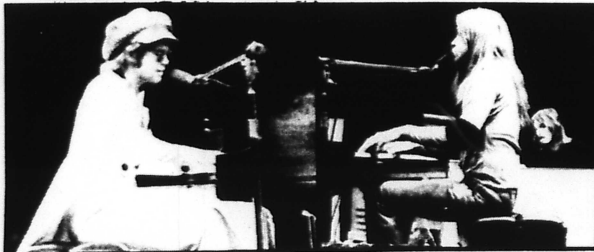
"This is the best gig I have ever played and this is the best audience we have ever played for." —Leon Russell

First off, and before anything else, Baltimore has hit the big time. In the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, specifically the very uptight, put down group of community fathers (?), merchants, and political mafioso, who have managed to ban our music at the Lyric and Civic Center, freedom is in the hearts of men! One small band of Baltimore freaks, Tree Frog Productions, have risen above the bad hall, worse sound and pig filled scene, which has plagued our freak, free music since Beethoven.

Tree Frog's first gig was a musical success. Their production was for the people and the people who showed up (or at least could afford \$4, \$5, and \$6) got their money's worth, and more. If you didn't make it Sunday, Nov. 8 Leon Russell and Elton John, you missed out Brother, or Sister (as the case may be).

Painters Mill holds about 2600 people, and a together group of about 1500 showed up. The Festival Group did the sound, and needless to

Elton & Leon: Englishman & Mad Dog



say, it was perfect. Everyone saw, everyone heard, and everyone was thoroughly gassed by this concert. Elton John was the first to perform. He began the night slowly, building with an energy which finally turned the crowd into a screaming, stomping throng as he danced with us, shook our hands, and almost pounded the piano through the stage floor. The people were off and running by the time he finished, and just about high enough for the magic man, Leon Russell, to make them higher.

Then came intermission. A chance to watch promoters freak out, groupies get wet, and nicofields revive themselves. The glory of it all!

The lights were dimmed, the people filed back to their seats, and after a brief thank you by Tree Frog's John Reynolds, the legendary Leon Russell, made his entrance. The first four songs were solos, the man and his piano putting it down. After the fourth it really began to shake. It was just Russell getting it on and caressing his piano, but within seconds a band appeared, falling

into the beat with their instruments, playing their guts out for Leon and for us.

The closest thing to the sound of Russell's band, for those who haven't experienced his album, is the sound *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*. Chick singers wailing, guitar leads ripping through the harmonies, and on top of it all, the master of space and time, blasting his lyrics with a feeling that few can attain. By the time the band was closing with Delta Lady, the entire audience was on their feet. They howled, they chanted more, but that was all. Leon Russell had given us a piece of his soul, and you just can't give any more.

Although Tree Frog lost money on this gig, they feel good enough about Baltimore togetherness to proceed with their concert schedule, bringing to Baltimore notables as Derek and the Dominoes, Neil Young, Van Morrison, Fairport Convention, It's a Beautiful Day, Pink Floyd, Sea Train and Traffic. The first concert was held in the round with all available seats for sale. However, in the interest of good presentation, Tree Frog has decided not to sell 600 of Painter Mill's seats.

The Musician Co-Op and various assorted freaks are handling the entire operation. They're doing it for you.



IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY: WAR RESISTERS IN PRISON
by Willard Gaylin, M.D.—Viking Press, New York, 1970—344 pages—\$6.95

by F. P. Salstrom

Prison.
What does prison really feel like? What does it do to your head to spend a couple of years behind bars—and to your heart?



The articles I've read (or written) on that subject didn't quite strike chords deep down inside me. If you'd already done time you could read between the lines for feelings, but what about if you're trying to decide if prison's worth the price? Finally here's a book conveying the gut experience in black and white, not between the lines—a book composed mostly (200 pages) of tape-recorded interviews with war resisters in the process of serving their sentences.

What's most unexpected is the source of the book. Dr. Willard Gaylin is a New York psychoanalyst who dispassionately started out to study draft resisters purely as a research project, and ended up so personally identified with the resisters as to essentially let them speak for themselves. The bulk of Dr. Gaylin's analysis is devoted to exposing what's rotten about the courts, the prisons, and especially the U.S. Board of Pardon.

Even Viking Press seems to have been somewhat converted. Their final jacket-flap sentence about the book reads, "The final chapter discloses how 'justice' is meted out to war resisters by our democratic society and ends with a parable that lays bare the insanity of imprisonment for a crime of conscience." Right on, Viking Press!

Anyone who's had much to do with the peace movement—whether in prison or on the streets—will have no trouble feeling affectionately at home with this book. Lewisburg and Allenwood are re-labeled Oskdale. Danbury is called Crestwood. I found the resisters of my own generation (almost 30 years old) easily recognizable. The other four whose in-depth interviews appear are ten years younger and I didn't know them.

The feeling of familiarity doesn't stop, however, where friendship too often stops. This is a book probing gut questions not only about prison life, not only about nonviolence and resistance, but fear, loneliness, love, sex, guilt, joy, salvation, the works. Childhood roots of challenging authority are probed; the ego strength and super-ego guilt which characterize COs who choose prison is exposed; their good looks are even given a nod.

The fears are here: fears of staying, fears of leaving, fears of growing unrepresentable and fears of losing touch with everyone you love outside. Paranoid fears and fears of paranoia. The fear of homosexual attack never

completely relaxes for some of the resisters—or simply of irrational attack. Then there's fear of illness, of the hole, of tube-feeding, and purely, simply of the unknown.

The loneliness is here: the terribly subtle wall that somehow seeps inside you and restrains the bonds of friendship from full openness and sharing. The loneliness of masturbation. The overwhelming physical and emotional craving for some form of

contact with the world of authentic femininity. The loneliness of solitary.

The dreams are here: dreams of sinking slowly and inexorably into a mass of gelatin locked up inside a vast refrigerator; dreams of slipping slowly downward and struggling painfully back up; dreams of sex with every blessed guy you ever had the slightest passing thought of sleeping with; dreams of oceans, mountains, airplanes, freedom.

Over and over, these six resisters manage to convey the wonder, the quiet mysteriousness of the inner experience—the indefinable ways that prison turns out to be at once much harder and much easier than had been anticipated.

The torturous self-analysis is also here of course: the incredulity at one's own spinelessness vis-a-vis the prison administration once one has grown adjusted to the idea of spending a certain hunk of time in prison. After that profound acceptance has come over you, everything else seems somehow too anti-climatic to get excited about. Come to think about it, only by setting a course of extended hunger-striking and thus creating the possibility of achieving unconditional release did World War II resisters motivate themselves to make their well-known efforts of endurance. True, the overt issue back then was as often racial integration as it was personal release, but any long hunger strike can result in release regardless of the issue.

The nature of the movement against the Vietnam war bears a little resemblance to that against World War II as the two wars bear to each other. The COs who've put their hearts and heads into this book are strenuous workers, karma yogis, whether they'd agree or not. Today's work of building a new society isn't so much carried on through demonstrations, or even through long-term commitments. Rather it's the process of seeking truth and channeling love that's going on inside each one of us. It's the work of building our selves.

So "Matthew," "Hank," "Tim," "Bill," "Paul," "John"—thanks for sharing so warmly, forthrightly your work in progress. Thanks Dr. Gaylin for all the brilliantly self-effacing acts of perception and empathy which let these guys get through.

The days of understanding aren't so far off any more. The exquisite days of humor, audacity, and unshakable

loyalty to each other are almost just around the corner.

Be seeing you all.

THE MASTER GAME (BOOK REVIEW)

by Robert S. DeRopp
Delta-Dell paperback, 1969, \$1.95

In the 1950's Robert DeRopp wrote an authoritative book, *Drugs and the Mind* (1957), which played a vital role in creating responsible standards for evaluating psychedelic trips. His new book, *The Master Game*, promises to be another milestone of the new American sub-culture.

Writing this time with an essentially Gurdjieffian context, DeRopp explores the emotional and spiritual possibilities of life without drugs. Starting from game theory (since, by his definition, life without a game means life without purpose), he concisely dismisses the money game as "hog in trough," the pursuit of fame as "cock on dunghill," etc. A special category, neither high nor low, is allowed for rearing a family, which lies outside the book's thesis.

Moving on to the higher games, art and religion both receive respectful treatment as avenues, albeit indirect, toward increased consciousness.

But the only life-game that never pales, even when art and religion no longer can hold the imagination, is the master game—the process whereby a person becomes aware that he controls his physical body through emotions, then starts controlling his emotions through intellect, his intellect through intuition, and on up into the higher (causal) planes, from which it is no longer necessary to be reborn on the physical plane unless one so chooses.

The master game involves detached meditation, but detachment isn't the whole picture by any means. The process is to raise consciousness—through any or all methods of concentration on oneself and objective reality—to levels at which objective love flows through one automatically, making possible service to other human beings more extensive than is possible from the level of everyday consciousness.

by F. P. Salstrom

REVIEW OF MARVEL COMICS

by Christopher Toll

Captain America No. 134—contains the second installment of the official team-up between Captain America, blonde blue-eyed do gooder, and the Falcon, tough and black. A watered-down story about numbers-running is further flawed by trite moralizing at the end. Stan Lee should concentrate on being a writer and not a preacher.

Iron Man No. 34—is a mediocre follow-up to last issue's, interesting parody of *Mission: Impossible*. The parody wasn't developed (as I hoped it would be), and the plot was woven of so many threads that a few were dropped along the way. It rates a big yawn.

Sub-Mariner No. 34—marks the long-awaited re-appearance of the Silver Surfer. Once again, this apostle of peace lays his cosmic blasts on everybody in sight. But it's all good clean fun.

Thor No. 184—is the beginning of an adventure that could rival the epics of Homer. It introduces the Silent One who may be the only one who can save the universe from the menace of Infinity. Even all-powerful Odin is helpless! The end is one of those famous cliff-hangers.

Avengers No. 84—is a disappointment. Usually, no matter how banal the plot, John Buscema's art can be counted on to be the essence of precision. In this issue the art seems, to use the kindest word, sloppy. There were more half-realized panels than I cared to count. Unless you dig the Black Knight and his winged horse, save \$1.15.

Spider-Man No. 93—was composed with a tried-and-true formula. Reading this issue is like eating stale chocolate-chip cookies. Spider-man suffers more identity crises than I do. Now he acquires another headache when Gwen, the love of his life, splits for London. The guest star is the Prowler, a lack-luster super-hero.

Hulk No. 136—is for all you science-fiction freaks. Xeron, the Star-Slayer (fantastic epithet!), voyages to Earth in a literal space ship (with sails and oars). He's hunting Klatu the Behemoth, a monster as huge as the Empire State Building. Needless to say, the Hulk interferes and gets his bigginess in a pile of trouble. This comic is a worthy addition to any library.

Daredevil No. 72—has a great cover. The story itself isn't bad (with some nice concepts behind it: mind-linkage between a man and a leopard, a special mirror to journey from one dimension to another), but Gerry Conway, the writer, puts wooden dialogue and nickel-and-dime sermons in the mouths of characters.

Fantastic Four No. 107—is one of the most unmemorable issues of this magazine in recent memory. However, its forgetability is redeemed by another NEW DEVELOPMENT: due to Reed Richards' amazing scientific genius, the Thing can change into Ben Grimm, his human counterpart, at will, and vice versa. The eternal skeptic merely wonders whether the change is permanent.



RECORD REVIEWS

by William Bland

When a piece of music is either good or bad, or you have an opinion one way or the other about certain aspects of the piece, then it's relatively easy to review a new record or composition. When, however, you are confronted with something such as this rock opera, with its flippant libretto and stolen music, the job becomes a little harder.

*So you are the Christ
the great Jesus Christ.
Prove to me you're no fool,
walk across my swimming pool.*

Where can I start...talking about the singers? I can say, for example, that there are no voices on the record worth seeing a second time, and some are

downright disgusting, such as Victor Brox as "Caiphas". Other singers occupy themselves with trying to imitate good vocalists, such as Dylan or James Brown.

*What's the buzz,
tell me what's happenin'.*

I should mention that the very beginning of the opera, the Overture, contains very, very bad imitations of Stravinsky. (He even goes so far as to quote directly from the "Firebird" ballet music, written over half a century ago). In addition to the Stravinsky there are blatant imitations of more modern composers, such as Penderecki, but when he was probably about five years old. (without exaggeration, I swear). Even this would not be bad at all if the

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR



overall result' were effective. As it is, everything is derivative without assuming an original or even parody style.

*Listen to that howling mob
of blockheads in the street.
A trick or two with lepers
and the whole town's on its feet.*

Even the motto of the piece, Superstar, is musically a direct steal from a Broadway show called *The Apple Tree*.

Hang on Lord.

We're gonna fight for you.

If you have heard any rock music in the past three or four years, then you've heard everything that occurs in this album. The gospel style, hard rock, blues, addition of the full symphony orchestra, you name it, if someone else did it first, it's there.

Could Mohomet move a mountain

Or was it just PR?

Time magazine called this opera the possible wave of the future for rock music.

Bleed me beat me kill me

take me now

Before I change my mind.

The opera runs a total of almost one and one half hours, and never is there a change in mood dramatic enough to hold your interest after the initial shock (hearing). Of course on the first hearing they do manage to hold interest throughout, but what kind of yardstick for measuring music is that? Is a piece good just because you can manage to listen to it all the way through?

People who are hungry.

People who are starving.

*Matter more than your feet
and your hair.*

Spiritual awareness has produced some of the most stunning lyrics and music in the history of man and his decline from the first spiritual awareness. But in every period of music there have always been some glossy people and their products have had the same lack of depth (emphasis on materialism) that motivates the common worker. Common is not meant at all in the economic sense, but rather in the sense of emphasis on objects. Since this emphasis is always one of destruction, it is small wonder that the people that exploit it in music as well as in art are in a very real sense destroying what other people have put together out of the necessity of creation, expressing the individual. What Mr. Webber and Mr. Rice have done is just that. They and this opera are like the Kent commercial of total theater. "We've got it all together"; except they don't and there's not a chance in the world that they will in the near future. They need much more time to grow.

*All the good you've done
will soon get swept away
You've begun to matter more
than the things you say.*

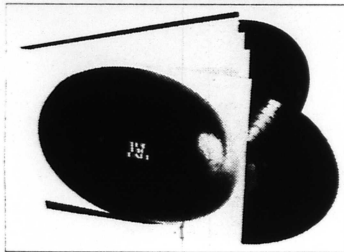
Review the list of people who've had things to say about other people, and then review the list of people who've had things to say. Which could possibly be the more important of the two. The answer is rather obvious and just as hard to achieve as to see. The development of the personality into a complete individual is in music, as in everything else, the most important factor in dealing with any other person or any situation or any combination of the elements. Why could we possibly need another Xerox copy of the same old story, same old myth of the physical animal that held the spirit of Christ? This has been the big hang-up for too long. Interpreting what Christ had to say... there's where we can use all the help, and in this opera there is nothing that even comes close to that kind of interpretation. This is the shallowest part of the entire experience. It's simply musak that you listen to at home.

Other groups are trying to cope with the message they need to get across... look at Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, *Deja Vu*, or the Moody Blues *In Search of the Lost Chord*. Here at least the language is part of what they're beginning to seek. In *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, not only is the language not their own but it isn't even part of the basic alphabet.

*Hey J.C., you've had everything,
please explain to me,
Where is it now?*

Hey... Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice... you've had nothing... which is just what you gave us.

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With unaccustomed grace, Warner/Reprise is not making a buck on any of this. In supermarkets this sort of thing is called a loss leader, but in the record biz it's a very suspicious thing to do. Anyway...

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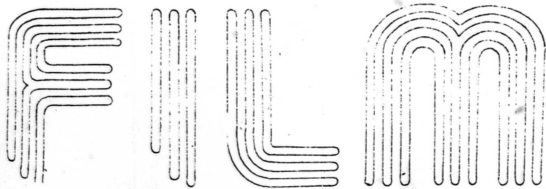
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Five Easy Pieces

by Robert Knight

Five Easy Pieces at the Playhouse on 25th Street, is the story of an artist fleeing his art. If this film were of European direction we would be presented with the subtle falsity of an off-color film with dozens of shots (half close-ups and half long range) of the hero walking alone on a rain-swept jetty with a Mozart score wringing great units of emotion out of us. The American style is markedly different. Bob Rafelson, the director, forces the hero (Jack Nicholson—the lawyer of *Easy Rider* fame) into an abrasive, commercial America that's seldom treated in film. Considering the theme, and the treatment of concert pianists, one can appreciate the road that Rafelson did not take. It could have easily been treated with a J. Alfred Prufrock melancholia, with lots of society conversation undulating through every scene, a world of tails—cock and formal—glasses and ice clunking and tinkling, oh God, everywhere. The old European paralysis. Instead Nicholson hard-hats it. He melts into the America of "country" girls, oil fields, dirty desensitizing labor, bowling alleys, untold quantities of beer from a can, bar and grills with snotty waitresses, gasoline stations, entrapping pregnancies, and Tammy Wynette ballads. If there was an inability in Nicholson's character to become emotionally involved with his craft before he left the good life, the real-life experience guarantees failure to respond on any lesser level. He can't respond to his best girl, Rayette (Sharon Black in a smartly played role) except briefly with an erection whenever she's not screaming at him in her best "country" manner for not being "treated right". When he's not reacting to that he's busy feeling ambivalent about his entanglement with her. Disappointed to a degree and disillusioned to distraction, he returns home for a second look. Home is Washington State or Vancouver—very, very sub-suburban. It is a place conducive only to zealots of a

religious or professional nature. Its isolation makes or breaks a concert musician's vocation. The unfit cannot survive. There the artist's temperament is honed, his creativity stimulated, his technique polished, and his strength resolved. Of course Nicholson remains phlegmatic to it all. He doesn't remain so disposed to his brother's student-girlfriend Catherine. Here, he discovers, is someone who could make all the pieces fit, make it all worthwhile. She reluctantly accepts his attention—at first. Then more avidly. She combines the best in instinct and intelligence, and could supply the countless subtleties of a creative, strong-willed mind. To her, life is cerebral with duty and purpose daily exercised. To him it is glandular and all that *that* implies. The plot comes to a boil when Rayette comes to see what's keeping Bobby-boy. The culture of Artistic America and Commercial America meet head-on. It's a pathetic duel at best, and Catherine spells the end of the affair, realizes there is little future with Nicholson (man, I just can't call him Bobby) and tells him so. He knows he has lost a big battle, and that the decision, once made, is final. He knows too, that he potentially was the better man. He lost because he wasn't in shape, ready, and sharp when the test came. When he finally found something he really wanted he wasn't ready to win it.

Nothing to do but leave. Go back to ...? On the drive back, Rayette hangs on him, clutches at him in all the tasteless abandon that has become the car-love ritual middle America embraces. He pushes her away, and of course she screams once more that she's tired of being pushed away, treated like a piece of crap, blah, blah. The metaphor of a piece of America screaming something, selling something, demanding something, becomes very apropos. They stop to get gas. She goes to get coffee. He goes to the head. Medium range shot of Nicholson absorbed in the mirror. What to do? Go back to the short-order, prepackaged life of mobile homes? Go back home—try again if it kills him. Close up of image in mirror. Truth or illusion; measure out one's life in tanks-full of gas, cups of coffee, mindless women or go back to uncertainty? What's ol' Bobby gonna do? What is one to do, Robert?



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Thurs.—Sat. Nov. 12-14
Thurs.—Sat. Nov. 19—21
9 P.M.

Kendrew Lascelles' "Tigers"
Grace Gravalieri's "Late &
Blooming Early Branch"

Sun. Nov. 15 8 P.M.
1923—"Battleship Potemkin"
1919—"Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" by Robert Weine
Chapter VI of the Last Frontier

Sun. Nov. 22
"Destry Rides Again"
Marlene Dietrich & James Stewart
"Chapter VII of "Last Frontier"



THEATER

Pop Shakespeare at Center Stage

by Len Bradford

Rarely a season passes at a major city's repertoire theater that does not include either a play by Shakespeare, or one about him. Center Stage's 1970-71 season includes both of these: the current *A Cry of Players* by William Gibson, and *Lear*, which is scheduled to open on January 1st. *A Cry of Players*, a play belonging to that genre known as "historical", shares with many other plays of its kind a disregard for historical fact, but shows a fine understanding for a certain kind of commercial theatricality (Gibson's major successes have been *The Miracle Worker* and *Two For the Seesaw*) which is easily capitalized upon by a professional company.

Gibson has taken the knowledge that Shakespeare actually was several years Anne Hathaway's junior, and made this fact the basis for a characterization of the young Shakespeare (played by Peter Strauss) as a rebellious, even callow youth, whose hatred for authority includes the town mayor, Sir Thomas (Peter Britton), as well as the burdens of responsibility represented by his wife, Anne (Rae Allen) and childreif, Gibson, of course, does not miss the chance to hint at certain similarities between his character's struggle with the town's authorities, and "today's rebellious youth," (to use a typical bit of Journalese) a comparison which I resent on aesthetic grounds, despite my great admiration for Shakespeare's political wisdom.

Historically, there is, however, little basis for this viewpoint. Shakespeare, as all indications would have it, was more the product of a successful middle class, instead of the working-class revolutionary which Gibson depicts. It's quite doubtful that the real Shakespeare would have associated himself with such proles as Fulk (John Newton) and Meg (Margaret Sullivan) on game-poaching expeditions, however dramatic Gibson himself may find such imaginings.

Underneath all this slickness, though, there lurks the germ of an idea: the young Shakespeare is seen learning firsthand the classic struggle between that which indivi men may dare, and the Natural Order of things, a dialectic which is central to so much of Shakespeare's writing. Unfortunately, Peter Strauss as the young Will, in his interpretation offers us more of a one-sided delinquent than an existential hero, reducing *hubris* to the level of young punkhood. His scenes with Sir Thomas are far too reminiscent of a classic old movie scene: Father O'Malley and the Bad Kid.

Not so Rae Allen's Anne. Miss Allen has taken the bare bones of a character and embodied it with warm, female flesh. Director John Stix has wisely thrown much of the balance her way, and she handles it with, the subtle control of a veteran actress.

Also, as in many large productions, some of the most outstanding acting is found among the smaller roles. Particularly noteworthy are Dan Tyra's Richards, the hunchback gamekeeper, Henry Strozier as Kemp, the cynical leader of the band of players which so attract young Will, and Carolan Daniels, as a bare-backed hoyden whose charms also inflame Will's imagination.



Authentically believable 16th century costumes designed by Jay Scott, formerly of Corner Theater, add much to the spectacle.

On November 27th, Center Stage opens with Peter Weiss' *Marat Sade*, directed by Center Stage's Producing Director Peter Culman.

MUSIC IS NEWS

Discovery; rediscovery.
Everything is new;
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Dunn and McCashen: Rainbow music thoughts from the writers of "Hitchcock Railway" and "Lydia Purple"...now writing and performing in heavy harmony.

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Yellow Hand: A magical collection of new compositions by Young, Davis, Bramlett, Stills and Tawney, brightly blessed.

Eclipse—Edward Bear: You first heard them sing "You, Me and Mexico." These are musical progressions—logical, natural, good.

Brinsley Schwarz: "And if the cops are gonna get him he may be president by then." He they of gentle harmony and humor, an organic blend.



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Bruce Reported Horny

NEW YORK

A spokesman for Jack Bruce, formerly of Cream, says that there is "absolutely no truth" to the allegations that Bruce is taking tuba lessons. He had purchased a tuba recently but "it was just to keep the ol' lips in shape for blowing hard, you know," said the spokesman.

Meanwhile stores in the midtown area have been completely unable to keep up with the demand for the instruments. "It's got to be the biggest instrumental craze in history!" reported the owner of a large music store on 48th Street, "we sold out our stock last Monday," he continued "and since then I've had three girls busy with just orders alone!" Another busy shop owner, who admits he's enjoying the tuba boom, added "Whew! Those Sousas (trade jargon for the horns) are selling like hot potatoes!"

A Fender representative insisted that he and the Gretsch Organization had nothing at all to do with the fact that "Montego Bay" and "Look, What They've Done to My Song Ma" have been mysteriously dropping from certain radio station play lists. "Who digs the Seekers anyway?" he grumbled. There was no comment on the fact that Jim Fielder was seen carrying a large package into a taxi at 47th near Sixth Avenue earlier that day, but another official volunteered that since blood, sweat and tears already had a strong horn section, nothing new would be added to their sound. "Hell," he snorted "their arrangements are all 1940 Salvation Army anyway!"

Jack Cassidy could not be reached for comment and was reportedly in seclusion somewhere in South Dakota.



HOSPITAL ON 25TH ST.

by Dr. Steppenwolf

Contrary to popular rumors usually spread by your friendly dope dealer, real MDA is not a combination of mescaline and amphetamine, but a drug in its own right. Its chemical name is methylene-dioxy-amphetamine, hence the abbreviation MDA, which was given to it by shrinkers in the 1930s, when it was first made. It bears some chemical relation to both amphetamine and mescaline but probably is most closely related to STP. The following is some information from various sources for you to lay on your friendly dope dealer if he turns capitalist and tries to rip you off with his latest Madison Avenue TV commercial pitch about how his dope is better than Brand X.

From STASH (Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens): In 1957 a series of clinical trials was done to determine the subjective psychotropic properties of MDA. It was directly compared with amphetamine at doses of 60 to 120 milligrams (mg) by a Dr. Alles. He found neither the changes of mood nor sleeplessness at 60 mg, that is characteristics of the amphetamines in doses as low as 5-10 mg. At the highest doses (120 mg), he observed sensory changes, such as increased sensitivity to sound, and alterations in vision, but no hallucinations. Recently because of reports around the country that MDA is a potent hallucinogen, two STASH consultants (Drs Claudio Naranjo and Alexander T. Shulgin) gave it by mouth to eight normal volunteers, all of whom had extensive experience with LSD and other hallucinogens. They gave the subjects 150 mg each, and fully expected the drug to cause changes similar to psychosis and hallucinations. Despite

their expectations, none of the subjects reported hallucinations, perceptual distortions, or imagery on closing the eyes, all of which are very common with LSD, mescaline, or psilocybin. Yet they reported a similarity between MDA and LSD. The subjects stated that both drugs had brought about an intensification of feelings, increased perceptions of self insight, and heightened empathy with others during the experience. Most reported an increased sense of aesthetic enjoyment (the experiment was conducted in a relaxed and sensual setting—e.g., music, art prints, etc.). As with mescaline, LSD and most other hallucinogens taken orally, the "rush" came about 40-60 minutes, with the peak effects at 1½ hours, and persisting about 8 hours for the majority of subjects. Unlike speed drugs the experience was characterized on the whole as an "inward" one with most subjects focusing on their own life and personality. They appeared to conclude that the speed effects were minimal (in contrast to the report below).

From HAIGHT-ASHBURY

Information from here seems to somewhat contradict the above discussion. This may be due to differences in dose or in the MDA in San Francisco being mixed with amphetamines. The reports from there say that for the first eight hours the effects are similar to LSD but that the amphetamine-like effects persist longer and euphoria may be experienced rather than the depression which frequently occurs coming down from LSD. A few subjects apparently resent the stimulation which they associate with

speed, but in general the experience is said to be preferable to that following LSD in that less disturbance of thought occurs. The large dose required is a distinct disadvantage for a synthetic illegal drug. Moreover, one death has been associated with the use of MDA in combination with another drug.

It would appear from both these reports that MDA may be the same or better than LSD when taken alone and in sufficient dose. The changes of your friendly dope dealer having it pure and in the right dose are probably slim. If he says he does, well, you decide.

THE PEACE PILL (PCP)

This is a drug called Phenyl-Cyclohexyl-Piperidine. It was tested in medicine as a sedative and general anesthetic but rejected, in part, because it caused hallucinations and delusions. It is now marketed as a veterinary anesthetic, used a lot in horses. In small doses, it is like any other downer and in larger doses will induce general anesthesia (like the kind you get before an operation), but with rather long induction and recovery phases. During this time the subject may be excited or drunk or pass into a dreamy, hypnotic state. The hallucinations experienced at this time are qualitatively different from those induced by LSD. Use of this drug in SF has virtually stopped since it was identified by the Haight-Ashbury Clinic in 1967 and they warned their patients of its possible dangers. Another reason for this, according to the clinic, is that their population greatly prefers the use of stimulants.

I have only seen a couple of people who have taken it and each had a very bad and prolonged experience. They were quite sure that it was pure, so that it is unlikely their experience was due to combinations of drugs.

If you've heard of anything new in town write HARRY if you want some dope on what it is and what it does. If you have a sample, we can try to have it analyzed, and let our readers know what's new on the local scene.

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Girls wanted to model. Good pay by the hour. Leave name, address & phone at Box 9015, c/o HARRY.

Ronnie wherever you are call and I'll come running. Remember...colorless green ideas constantly float. K.G.

Man looking for good female nude models. Send letter, name and phone number to: Harry, Box 163

Looking for woman for body painting. Send letter, name and phone number to Harry, Box 163

Man looking for woman, to meet for dates. Send letter, name and phone number to Harry, Box 163

For sale: Mens Wellington boots, all leather, excell. cond., size 7 1/2. 669-0027.

Wanted: Barbly dolls and G.I. dolls!! Any cond. Call Steve 462-3008.

MGA motor, running gear and parts fair condition, reasonable. Leave message at 235-5365. Ask for Stephen.

2 Med students and 3 Vista Volunteers want to share their pad in S.W. Baltimore near Uof M with interested female in exchange for a decent meal before xmas. Free live-in space if you like. Call Leif or Rex or Jack 752-5212.

Abbey No. 3 out and free featuring Peter Blush, Ann Memebroker, Bruce Guernsey, and Juanita Gibbs. Copies from David Greisman, 5015-1 Green Mt. Circle, Columbia, Md. 21043.

Boy 14 would like consenting mate in Randalstown area. Feh call 655 956.

Converted school bus leaving for leisurely trip to Florida and points south on or about November 20. People needed to share expenses. Call 444-5697.

Camera for sale: Fujica 2600 single-8 movie camera, 8-48 MM. zoom lens accessories and case 6 months old excellent condition. List 349.50 sale for 225.00. Call 366-0296.

Sony tape deck S 70 After 6:00 P.M. 944-3550.

FLEA MARKET Bolton Street Community Center 1317 Bolton Street Sat. Nov. 14, 10 A.M.- 6 P.M. Nearly new clothes- white elephant hand made articles- food- ties- belts- books- records- groceries.

FREE CAR!! 56 Ford - Needs mechanically minded freak. Sandy Hoffer- 489-4341

Educationals on Marxist Economics. Sun afternoon 3 P.M., 2730 Reisterstown Rd., 523-3703



Will the blond-haired guy who took Gillian and Pat from Meedowood to Northern Parkway on tuesday 10/27 please call Gillian at 435-1156 after 11:30 pm or come down to the dirty movies.

Young man- well developed- wishes part time job as art or photographic model nude or otherwise. All offers considered. P.O. Box 6229 21206 Balt.

Bass Player and singer wanted for Rock group. Feeling decrepid? Old age creeping up on you? We are looking for musicians who feel youth slipping away from them and fear they are losing their chances of ever attaining success. If you really are old and decrepid- forget it. Call 243-0238 seriously.

Wanted: demonstrator of the Chicago Convention of 1968. Call 646-4548.

Donna H.- Am in need of support. Call Lou- 747-4017.

Interested in selling 1/2 or all of health food store in downtown Balto. Price very reasonable. If interested call David at 752-1705.

Antique furs as you like them excellent condition some never worn prices very reasonable. Call 323-3397.

Records stereo and mono 33 1/3 LP's classical, some jazz and pop. .50 - 2.00 call 323-3397.

Cash paid for unique handmade xmas ornaments Call Nostalgia Etc. 441-0113.

Young, attractive, kind 20 yrs., understanding female would like to hear from her male counterpart. "Semi-hip". Harry Box 27.

Yashica Mat Reflex with F35-88 mm. lense and case \$40. Vegetable juicer \$25. \$400. dictaphone Model 6 recorder \$75. Automatic ironer \$12. Bed spreads for twin beds \$10. Encyclopedia \$12. Hollywood bed from \$5. T.V. \$20. Small stamp collection. 523-3703

Singer needed for Towson area group preferably with equipment. Call Bill at 825-2038

Home to share with young man or student preferably in art or photographic field. Small rental home-furnished. NW area near CCB. Call: Mr. Wilson 542-6035.

Leverne- Sorry I missed you at North and Charles. Car trouble. Please call me at work. Steve.

A guy named Ray age 24 musician, kind hearted, not bad looking, needs female lover. Write Harry Box 643.

YES, this is to you with old women's hands and funny feet. I love the essence of you, which has finally (unfortunately) washed off. Let's make the next one a long trip. Above all don't cut the cord before I can sprout roots. CHIPMONK.

Girl to Join with Stillwater Graduate student and friend groovy chic. c/o J.B. Harry Box 423.

Will the red-headed philosophy major who didn't have to grab the wheel on Saturday (Oct 31) morning please contact me to further discuss common interest. t/o J.B. Harry Box 423.

Poetry and music score wanted mail to Tim Roddy 136 Dublin Dr. Lutherville, Md. 21093 Call 821-7813.

Wanted: one groovy chick to spend one winter with filmmaker artist on an uninhabited Carribean Island. Expedition 4 couples leaves mid-Nov for island near Puerto Rico with 20 miles of beaches, coral reefs, 300 caves, Sunshine all winter all kinds of free natural food. Steve at 202-232-0656 after 7 pm. P.S. you need \$400 for provision and rd trip airfare.

Allyn Ruth Harad and Carol Hamner, please call your parents. They are worried shitless. Give them a break. They care.

28 I really dig you and I want you to know it. Love Mike.

\$25.00 reward for anyone persuading Mary to call Uncle Don or her father to tell them she is O.K.

For Sale: WWII Nazi coat heavy wool- \$60.00 or best offer- 486-4036 George.

Roomate wanted- 22 year old teacher wants to share house or apt. with other people. Chas. Vil. or West Balto. area. Call 747-1914. Keep trying if no answer.

1960 V.W. Bus '64 Engine, '65 transmission. Will inspect. \$425. 833-2602

Ride needed to Tennessee after 11/17. Will share exp. 727-7615, Jack.

John and Sach you don't have to give yourself up. Dave P.

Truth is trite and V.V. Genny, I love you. Tom.

Folk guitar in good condition \$40.00 Mike Taylor 646-2257.

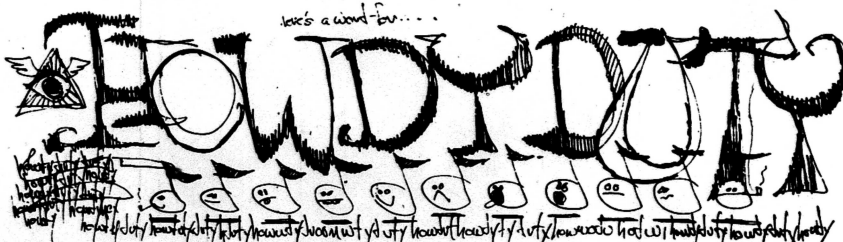
Girl wishes to share apartment w/same. Am now living in Belair Rd. & Frankfort Ave. area but gotta get away from parent hassles. Write Box 7 c/o HARRY. Am of age.

Wanted Physics tutor. call Phil 566-6751 between 6 & 10:30 Mon.-Fri. All day Sat. & Sun.

REWARD: For the recovery of a little black poodle (unclipped) taken from the 2700 block of St. Paul St. on Friday night 11/13. Was wearing only a flea collar & answers to the name of Coquette. If you have seen her or know her whereabouts please bring her back. No questions will be asked & reward will be given. Pat Washburn, 2723 St. Paul St., 366-2265

Young attractive, kind, 23 yrs., understanding male would like to hear from his female counterpart. HARRY, Box 28.

Young attractive kind 20 yr. old understanding female who would like to hear from her male counterpart call Don 566-8014.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

Monday, November 16

FILM: "Booked," Pratt Library's Herring Run Branch, 7 pm. Free.

FILM: "Civilization: The Worship of Nature" (Part XI), Pratt Library's Hollins-Payson Branch, 7 pm. FREE

FILM: "Civilization: The Hero as Artist" (Part V), Pratt Library's Wallbrook Branch, 7 pm. FREE

FILM: "Civilization: Protest and Communication" (Part VI), Pratt Library's Govans Branch, 8 pm. FREE

FILM & LECTURE: "Dope on Dope" by ex-drug addicts from the local "Man Alive" Program, Pratt Library's Herring Run Branch, 7 pm. FREE

MISC: Open Stage, "It's Open," 8 pm. FREE

MISC: Draft Counseling, JHU Board Room, Levering, 2-4 pm, Mon-Wed. No appointment necessary.

LECTURE: "The Black Man in the Union," Fred Punch, Pres. Local 199-E, Sherwood Room, Levering, JHU, 8 pm. FREE

LECTURE: Eisenhower Symposium, Mr. Herbert G. Klein, Director of Communications for the Executive Branch, JHU, Shriver Hall, 4 pm. FREE

Tuesday, November 17

MISC: Women's Discussion Series, Women's Center, 3028 Greenmount Ave., 8 pm. Women only.

MISC: Mime Show, Baltimore Theatre Ensemble, Barn Theatre, Catonsville College, 7:30 pm. FREE

MUSIC: Peabody Artists' Recital, All-Schubert-and-Debussy Program, Peabody Concert Hall, 8:30 pm. Tickets \$3.00, \$2.00, and students \$1.00.

FILM: "Civilization: The Light of Experience" (Part VIII), Main Pratt, Wheeler Auditorium, 2 pm. FREE

FILM: "Alexander and the Car with a Missing Headlight," Pratt Library's Brooklyn Branch, 3:30 pm. FREE

RALLY: Support GM & Schmidt's Strikers, Federal Building, Hopkins Plaza, Charles Center, 4 pm.

FILM: "Alexander and the Car with a Missing Headlight" and "The House Made of Straw," Pratt Library's Gardenville Branch, 3:30 pm. FREE

MISC: It's Open for Women (Women and the Arts) 9:00 am. Craftsroom: 8:00 pm, counseling and classes. It's Open Coffeehouse. FREE

LECTURE: "Shakespeare and the Visual Arts," Dr. Roland Muehler Frye, Goucher College, 8:30 pm. FREE

DANCING: Erick Hawkins Dance Troupe, Fine Arts Theatre, UMBC, 8:00 pm. FREE

LECTURE: Peter Culman, producing director of Center Stage talks on "Marat Sade," 10:00 am. Call 664-4225 for information.

MISC: Eisenhower Symposium, Mr. David Brinkley, NBC News, JHU, Shriver Hall, 9:00 pm. FREE

MUSIC: Tim Buckley, Main Point. For information call 215-LA5-3375.

Wednesday, November 18

DANCE: Erick Hawkins Dance Troupe, Fine Arts Theatre, UMBC, 8:00 pm. FREE

LECTURE: "Strange Bedfellows: Arab-Jewish Cooperation in Israel," Mr. Irving Sattell, Executive Director of Israel Histadrut Council, Poe Room, Main Pratt Library, 12:30 pm. FREE

FILM: "J.T.," Pratt Library's Dundalk Ave. Branch, 3:30 pm. FREE

FILM: "The Stowaway," Pratt Library's Forest Park Branch, 3:30 pm. FREE

FILM: "Frog Went A-Courtin'," Pratt Library's Northwood Branch, 3:45 pm. FREE

FILM: "Civilization: The Fallacies of Hope" (Part XIII), Pratt Library's Hollins-Payson Branch, 7:00 pm. FREE

MUSIC: Tim Buckley, Main Point. Call 215-LA5-3375 for information.

MUSIC: Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Walter Suskind, Guest Conductor and Pianist, Lyric Theatre, 8:30 pm. Tickets: \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, and \$6.50. Baltimore Symphony Box Office, 120 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

LECTURE: "The Meaning of God," Dr. Roland Muehler Frye, Haskins Memorial Chapel, Goucher College, 7:00 pm. FREE

MUSIC: The Baltimore Group for Experimental Music.

William Bland, Coordinator, Peabody Concert Hall, 12 noon. FREE

LECTURE: Eisenhower Symposium, Mr. Quinn Tamm, Executive Director, International Association of Chiefs of Police, JHU, Shriver Hall, 4:00 pm. FREE

Thursday, November 19

FILM: "White Mane," Pratt Library's Brooklyn Branch, 4:00 pm. FREE

FILM: "Civilization: Protest and Communication" (Part VII), Pratt Library's Northwood Branch, 8:00 pm. FREE

FILM: "Civilization: Grandeur and Obedience" (Part VII), Pratt Library's Reisterstown Branch, 8:00 pm. FREE

MISC: It's Open for Women, 9:00 AM; Cultural Center 8 PM. It's Open. FREE

MUSIC: Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. See Nov 18.

MUSIC: The Velvet Underground, The Main Point.

DANCING: Folk Dancing at Great Levering Hall, JHU, 8-11 pm. .75/person/night

MUSIC: Promenade Concert, main court of Walters Art Gallery, 12:30 pm. FREE

DRAMA: "Tigers" and "The Late and Blooming Early Branch," Corner Theatre, 9 pm. Members \$2.00; guests \$3.00

DRAMA: "Mermaid Smith," by Toby J. Perkins, Langdale Auditorium, Univ. of Baltimore, Maryland Ave. and Oliver Street, 8:30 pm. \$1.00 adults; 5:50 students.

MUSIC AND FILM: Folk singer Bruce Jacobs and Bluesette. Film: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," 8-9 pm. \$7.5

Friday, November 20

MUSIC: "The Flocks," Newton H. White Athletic Center (gym), JHU, \$2.00 in advance; \$2.50 at door. Call 462-4554 for ticket information. Advanced tickets at Bun Steers and JHU Bookstore.

FILM: Van Morrison and Edison Electric Band, Electric Factory.

FILM: "Cool Hand Luke," Essex Community College, 8:00 pm. FREE

MUSIC: "River," Coffeegrounds, Roland and Oakdale Avenue, 8:00 pm. \$7.5

FILM: "Civilization: The Light of Experience" (Part VIII), Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Auditorium, 8:00 pm. FREE

FILM: "Study in Wet," "Rhinoeros," It's Open, 8:00 pm. FREE

FILM: "Black Orpheus," Chem-Physics Auditorium, UMBC, 8:00 pm. FREE

OPERA: "The Sorcerer," Baltimore Comic Opera Company, Community College of Baltimore Theatre, 2901 Liberty Heights Avenue, 8:30 pm. \$3.00 regular; \$1.75 students.

DRAMA: "Tigers" and "The Late and Blooming Early Branch," Corner Theatre, 9:00 pm. \$2.00 members; \$3.00 guests

DRAMA: "Mermaid Smith," See Nov 19.

MUSIC: Joshua, Parkville Teen Center, 8-11 pm.

MUSIC: Meat, Alley Entrance, 8-12 pm.

MUSIC: Michael Hunt, Loyola College Student Center Lounge, 8-11 am. \$1.50

MUSIC: "Aux," Bluesette, 8:00 pm. \$2.00

MUSIC: The Velvet Underground, The Main Point.

MUSIC: Auley Blues Band, Blues Back Alley, 2-4 am (Sat morning). \$2.00

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country" by Ivan Turgenev, Barn Theatre, JHU, 8:30 pm. Students \$2.00; regular \$3.00. For information call 366-3300, ext 1372.

MEETING: Baltimore Strike Support Coalition, St Peter Claver Church, 1543 Fremont Ave; tele: 523-3703, 8:00 pm. Every Friday.

MUSIC: Beethoven Festival, Iowa String Quartet, Evergreen House, 4545 N. Charles St. Program of six Beethoven string quartets: three today and three on Saturday, Nov 21. 3:00 pm. FREE

Saturday, November 21

MUSIC: "Aux," People's Place, 7:30-11:30 pm. \$1.00.

MUSIC: Van Morrison and Edison Electric Band, Electric Factory

MUSIC: "Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons," Parkville Senior High, 7-10 pm. \$3.00

FILM: "Civilization: The Light of Experience" (Part VIII), Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Auditorium, 2:00 pm. FREE

MUSIC: Unannounced, It's Open, 8:00 pm. FREE

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country" See Nov 20.

MUSIC: Baltimore Symphony Youth Concert, Allan Miller conducting: Marie Winn, narrator, Lyric Theatre, 2:00 pm. Tickets for a series of three Saturday youth concerts, of which this is the first, are available at the Baltimore Symphony Box Office. \$3.00 for the series.

NATURE: thru 22, Doyle River Cabin Backpack Trip, Virginia, Call T. Grigo, 242-8465, for information Maryland Mountain Club.

FILM: Vintage films in good condition: Laurel and Hardy, W. C. Fields, and many more. Cathedral Room, Peabody Bookshop, 1:00 and 3:00 pm. \$5.50.

OPERA: "The Sorcerer," See Nov 20.

MUSIC: Sandy-Allen Dale, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., 8:00 pm. \$1.00

DRAMA: "Tigers," Corner Theatre, 9:00 pm.

DRAMA: "Mermaid Smith," See Nov 19.

MISC: A Mod Boutique Benefit, Corpus Christi Church Auditorium, 1400 Mt. Royal Avenue, 2:00 and 7:00 pm. \$1.50

MUSIC: Joshua, "Collage," UMBC, 8-12:30

MUSIC: Aubrey Circle, Bluesette, 8:00 pm. \$2.00

MUSIC: "Matrix," Blues Back Alley, 2-5 am (Sunday morning) \$2.00

MUSIC: Greg Kihn, Thunder's Place Coffeehouse, Loyola College, 8:00 pm.

MUSIC: Michael Hunt, Winocell Coffeehouse, Chesapeake and Highland, Towson, Md., 8:00 pm.

MUSIC: Berthoven Festival. See Nov 20.

MUSIC: Shriver Hall Concert Series, "Virtuosi di Rossini" conducted by Renato Fasano. Students \$2.00, regular \$4.00. JHU.

Sunday, November 22

MUSIC: Rock concert and dance featuring "Procreation," "Blackfoot Smoke," and "Calhoun," 2-6 pm. Bel Air Senior Night, \$1.00

LECTURE: Annis J. Duff Lecture "Toward Beginnings: The Reason of Poetry" by Richard Lewis, Wheeler Auditorium, Enoch Pratt Main Library, 3:00 pm. FREE

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country," See Nov 20.

FILM: "The 400 Blows," Chem-Physics Auditorium, UMBC, 8:00 pm. FREE

NATURE: Hike near Liberty Reservoir. Leave 10 am. Call Mary Eberhardt for information at 467-2420.

OPERA: "The Sorcerer," See Nov 20.

MUSIC: Faculty recital, Community College of Baltimore Theatre, 3:00 pm. FREE

FILM: "Destiny Rides Again" and chapter 7 of "The Last Frontier," Corner Theatre, 8:00 pm. \$1.50

MUSIC: Jam Session, Bluesette, 8:00 pm. \$1.00

MUSIC: Word Rock-Generation featuring the Levering Hall players and the New Apocalypse Band-"Word Rock" is a contemporary expression of contemporary problems. 11:00 AM. FREE



Monday, November 23

MUSIC: The Peabody Chamber Orchestra, Leonard Pearlman conductor, Peabody Conservatory, 8:30 pm. \$1.00-5.50 students.

MISC: "Here"—a sensory experience, 7:00 pm and every Monday evening, Corner Theatre. Reservations necessary. 728-4707

Tuesday, November 24

FILM: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," Barn Theatre, Catonsville College, 7:30 pm. FREE

MUSIC: Eastern Shore Symphony Society Series, State College Auditorium, Salisbury, 8:15 pm. Tickets available from Mrs. A. Morris, Route 5, Quantico Road, Salisbury, Md.

FILM: "Born Yesterday," part of an open class on film music, Peabody Conservatory, Room 206, 7:30 pm. FREE

FILM: "Othello," Goucher College, 7:30 pm. FREE

LECTURE: Art and the American Wilderness, Kohn Hall, Loyola College, 2:00 pm. FREE

Wednesday, November 25

MUSIC: Prince George's County Symphony Society Series-Prince George's County Community College, Route 202, Largo, Md. Tickets available from Prince George's County Symphony Society, 103 Centerville Rd., Greenbelt, Md.

MUSIC: Chamber Music Concert (Brahms Piano Quintet), Peabody Concert Hall, 12 noon. FREE

Thursday, November 26

DANCING: Folk dancing at Great Hall, Levering, JHU, 8-11 pm. \$7.5/person/night

DANCE: "Cinderella," National Ballet of Washington, Lyric Theatre, 7:30 pm. Call LE 9-9253 for information.

Friday, November 27

DRAMA: Premiere of "Marat Sade," Center Stage.

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country," See Nov 13.

MUSIC: The Eggplant that Ate Howard Street, A Corner Theatre Happening featuring a 12-piece rock band. Bring your own toy or play with ours. 9:00 pm

MUSIC: Alley Blues Band, Blues Back Alley, 2-5 am (Saturday morning) \$2.00

MEETING: Baltimore Strike Support Coalition. See Nov 20.

MUSIC: Greg Kihn in concert, Coffeegrounds, 8:00 pm. \$7.5

Saturday, November 28

MUSIC: "Black Manhattan" from D.C. Potomac and O'Donnell Streets, 7:30-11:30 pm. \$1.00

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country," See Nov 13.

MUSIC: Pop Series III, Rainer Miedel conducting, Lyric Theatre, 8:30 pm. Tickets: \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 Baltimore Symphony Box Office.

MUSIC: The Eggplant that Ate Howard Street. See Nov 27.

MUSIC: Meat, Wellwood Teen Center, Smith Avenue, 8-11 pm.

MUSIC: Blackfoot Smoke, Bluesette, 8:00 pm. \$2.00

MUSIC: Matrix, Blues Back Alley, 2-5 am (Sunday morn). \$2.00

FILM: Vintage films in good condition: Laurel and Hardy, W. C. Fields, and many more, Cathedral Room, Peabody Bookstore, 1:00 pm and 3:00 pm. \$5.50

Sunday, November 29

DRAMA: "A Month in the Country," See Nov 13.

MUSIC: Michael Hunt, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., 8:30 pm. \$1.00.

MUSIC: Derek and the Dominoes featuring Eric Clapton, Painters Hall, 7:00 and 10:00 pm. Tickets \$4, 5, and \$6. See ad

MUSIC: Benefit: Crank, Aux, Blackfoot Smoke, Aubrey Circle Coffeehouse, Corpus Christi, 3-5 pm

MUSIC: A Rock Theatre directed by William Russo, East Hall of Peabody Conservatory, 7-9 pm. FREE, contribution expected.

MUSIC: Johnny Cash, Civic Center, 4-6:55-7:22 for information.

Continuing

DRAMA

Nov. 3-Dec. 6
"Cactus Flower" Bolton Hill Dinner Theatre, 1111 Park Ave. Tues.-Sun. Dinner 7PM; Curtain 8:30PM

Nov. 27-Dec. 13
"Mama/Sade" Center Stage, 11E. North Ave., Tues.-Sat. 8:30PM; Sun. 2am 7:30PM

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AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO

Alley Entrance, Bank & Highland 7:30 \$1	Corner Theatre, 891 N. Howard St., 728-4707	Loyola College, Charles and Coldspring Lane. 435-2500	Peabody Conservatory of Music, 1 E. Mt. Vernon. 837-0600
Balt. Actors Theatre, Holiday Room—Village of Cross Keys. More info., call Mrs. Dingchner-323-1000 ext. 207	Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020	Lyric Theatre, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave., 685-5086	People's Place, Fleet St. & East Ave. 7:30 PM \$1
Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St. Min. age 18. \$2. 467-4404	Electric Factory, 2201 Arch St., Phila. For info 215-L0 39284	Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 525-3375	Towson State College, York Rd. and Burke Ave., 823-1211
Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St., Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1 8 PM 467-4404	Crossroads, Loch River Blvd. & Woodbourne Ave.	Maryland Institute, 1300 Mt. Royal. 669-9200	U.M.B.C. (Univ. of Md. in Balt.) 401 Wilkens Ave. 744-7800
Catonsville Comm. College, 800 S. Rolling Rd.	Emex Community College, Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expy. 682-6000	Maryland Ballet Co., 10429 Reisterstown Rd., Owings Mills 21117	U. of Balt., 1420 N. Charles St., 727-6350
Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. & Oakland Rd.	Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620	Morgan State College, Hillen Rd. & Coldspring Lane. 323-2270	Vagabond Players, Univ. of Balt., Langdale Lib., Md. Ave. and Oliver St. 358-6337
Community College of Baltimore, 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 523-2151	Feltham Point Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway, 675-6273	No Fish Today, 610 N. Eutaw St. 669-4340	Walters Art Gallery, Charles and Center St. (Mt. Vernon Square)
	Goucher College, Dulany Valley Rd., 825-3300	Peabody Bookshop, 913 N. Charles	
	Johns Hopkins U., Charles & 34th. 366-3300		